THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVI. No. 1177 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1953 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Hoisting the Banners of 1945

As the delegates to the Labour Conference assemble at Margate, it is a fair bet that most of their backstage conversation will concern the chances of success or failure of the Right-wing counter-attack against last year's gains by the Left. They would do well to remember that the issues they will settle next week are far more substantial than the political fate of individuals. Let the Party reflect, as it begins, for the first time since 1945, to gird its loins for a serious challenge to Toryism in power, just how far its dreams of 1945 have faded.

In 1945 the Labour Party saw the vision of a Socialist Britain and saw it surprisingly clear. Want and unemployment were to be abolished. That was the first of the banners beneath which the Party marched. And how? By "harnessing economic power to the nation's need." A vague enough phrase, but no empty generality; for it was backed by a concrete programme of economic control and public ownership. No doubt the difficulties of raising the consumption of an island population, dependent on overseas trade for not only food but also raw materials, were considerably under-estimated. But even here the instinct of the Party was sound. The social revolution at home could be achieved only in a setting of international peace. The world must not—our future depended on it—fall into irreconcilable halves; and, after that, the main objective of British Socialism must be to reproduce itself and foster its kind as far and wide as possible. It was Ernest Bevin who affirmed all this at Blackpool in 1945, before he came to power. That was the second banner. And close behind it came the third, the freeing of the subject peoples, the changing of a colonial Empire into a multi-racial Commonwealth of political equals.

By 1948 the achievement could be measured. Want and unemployment had been banished by an interlocking system of Government control and public ownership, to ensure that economic priorities were observed; of social insurance, which guaranteed subsistence; of social services, to meet particular functional needs; and of subsidies, to ensure that fair shares should be a practical reality. The second banner was, by 1948, beginning to trail in the dust. But even Ernest Bevin, while grumbling at the intransigence of the Russians, never doubted the desirability of seeking a settlement or of developing trade between the two halves of the world. As for the crusade to liberate the subject peoples, by 1948 the people of India and Burma had joined with us in lifting that banner high.

What has happened in the five years since? Employment has been maintained, under rearmament, at a high level; but, with increased dependence on purely financial incentives to govern production, national solvency is threatened. The controls which harnessed the economy in 1945 have been largely abandoned; and there has been a damaging retreat from public ownership. Does anybody believe that full employment in these circumstances is anything but insecure? And the shadow of returning poverty is beginning to creep back. Insidious as yet; disguised and in limited sectors only. Yet the signs are there. Social security, as Lord Beveridge pointed out recently, no longer means subsistence without a means test. Subsidies are on the way out, hard on the heels of the utility scheme. Meat could be de-rationed, at a level of consumption only two-thirds of pre-war. Less milk is being drunk: fewer school meals consumed. The Health Service is neither free nor universal. While overcrowding persists, new Council houses are beyond the reach of growing numbers, and arrears of rent are again becoming a serious problem to local authorities.

Externally, the measure of our retreat is the praise that Mr. Attlee earns, and the attention he attracts, by his plea last week-end that Britain should refuse to sacrifice its remaining influence for world peace to complete subservience to the U.S.; by his return, that is, to 1949. Within the Commonwealth, the Colonial Office is now directing military operations against British subjects in both Africa and Malaya; while in Central Africa the new Federation has damaged, perhaps irreparably, racial relations between Black and White.

The delegates at Margate may rightly claim that under the present Government

the situation has deteriorated on every front, and that the dismantling of Socialist welfare has gathered pace. What they must also admit, if they are honest, is that each of these trends of policy showed itself during the last two years of Labour Government. Before further progress can be made into new territory, the Party must regain what it has lost, not only in terms of policy, but in morale and vision and courage. The delegates at Margate can insist that the banners of 1945 be raised again.

Capital Punishment

The Report of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, which comes to hand as we go to press, proves, with one exception, to be disappointing. The Commission reject the doctrine (accepted in Scotland) of "diminished responsibility" in cases of mental abnormality which do not amount to mental disease or deficiency. They reject a new definition of murder as impracticable, while admitting that the existing common law definition is "in some respects a little too wide." Rather surprisingly, they reject the division of murder into degrees as equally impracticable. They reject, for the present, any alternative method of execution. So far, the main conclusions are negative. But the Commission do open one door. They recommend, tentatively, that discretion to substitute a lesser penalty for death should be given to the jury—though not to the Judge. This is a sound proposal; if accepted, it would mean less hanging. If it is rejected, say the Commission in effect, the only issue left is "whether capital punishment should be retained or abolished."

Some of the secondary recommendations are interesting and, in their way, important. The proposal to amend the M'Naghten rules is certainly a step forward, as is the proposal, by a majority, to raise the minimum age for hanging. We are not prepared to judge on the spur of the moment whether the M'Naghten revision is to be preferred to the alternative suggestion, recommended with three dissentients, that the jury should be left unfettered responsibility to determine whether the accused was "suffering from disease of the mind or mental deficiency to such a degree that he ought not to be held responsible." The other important recommendation—useful as far as it goes—is that the doctrine of "constructive malice" be abandoned—a recommendation, be it noted, which, since it is accompanied by a reaffirmation of the existing law on the liability of accomplices, would have had no effect on the Bentley verdict.

The Treasury and the City

There were elements of humour, if not of much enlightenment, in the "inspired" explanations hurriedly given by every City editor, when the cut in Bank rate from 4 to 3½ per cent. was blandly announced last week. It was not meant to be a signal that Britain was now "in the clear" so far as the balance-of-payments equation is concerned; it was not to be accompanied by any relaxation of the "tight" policy enjoined on the joint-stock banks with regard to commercial loans; and, above all, it was not designed to encourage spending by consumers. What then was the motive for the move? The only positive reasons suggested in most financial columns—that it was intended either to "encourage exports" or (on the *reculer pour mieux sauter* principle) to give the Bank more "room to manœuvre" against inflation—are palpably inadequate.

There is, of course, a perfectly good reason for lowering interest rates generally in order to encourage capital investment, whose lag is one of the most menacing long-term factors in Britain's position. But one of the least comprehensible features of Mr. Butler's last Budget was that he went out of his way to stimulate consumption while retaining strict curbs on investment. His argument then—that cheaper money would endanger the balance of payments by encouraging an increase in commodity stocks—can scarcely be less valid, in the Chancellor's eyes, today. It is arguable that the Treasury had in mind the imminent need to convert a large chunk of short-term debt; but, had the Chancellor wanted particularly to reduce the burden of debt charges, it is difficult to comprehend why he did not also cut the "special rate" at which the Bank lends to the money market—and, with it, the present rate on Treasury Bills, which has risen from ½ per cent., under the Labour Government, to 2½ per cent. All in all, the likeliest explanation of this somewhat mystifying move is probably to be sought in the fact that the recent heavy falls on the New York stockmarket had begun to affect the London Stock Exchange—thus making it more difficult to peddle the stock of the denationalised steel companies. A fiasco in that operation would damage the prestige of the Government; and Mr. Butler, the architect of financial policy, is an astute party politician.

Thunder in the Farm Belt

Much of President Eisenhower's campaign last year was devoted to reassuring the farmers that a Republican victory would not lead to lower prices. These "golden promises," the Democrats are now claiming, have turned to "tarnished brass," as farm incomes continue to fall. Farmers are now receiving 13 per cent. less for their products than they received a year ago, while they continue to pay "peak" 1952 prices for the consumer goods they buy and only 4 per cent. less for farm equipment. Naturally, as they feel the squeeze, they are beginning to complain so loudly that there are persistent rumours that Mr. Benson, the Secretary of Agriculture, will soon resign.

Mr. Benson wants a "more flexible" farm policy. Price supports, in his view, are too high and too rigid, and the Government has been buying in so much at support prices that it has large surpluses on its hands—a problem intensified by falling exports. Despite the thunder in the farm belt, Mr. Benson has not yet given any specific details of the new programme which he promises to send to Congress in the New Year. Congress, in any case, must produce some farm legislation next year when the present system of price supports, extended as an interim measure by the Administration, comes to an end. Under pressure from the farm lobbies, however, and with an eye on the potential 23 million farm-belt votes that may be cast in 1954, even a Republican Congress is unlikely to take kindly to Mr. Benson's talk about "free markets," or two-price systems for basic farm commodities—one for the home market and one for export. Nor will the farmers like his other scheme for high support prices for some products—notably tobacco—and "flexible" prices for corn and wheat. This, they are already saying, is merely a device to break up the farm lobbies into competing factions.

NEXT WEEK
Autumn Books Number

Teachers' Pay

If the proposed changes in the Burnham scales are accepted, the new starting rate for a qualified male teacher from next April will be £450, or, if he is a graduate, £510. If he holds a first-class honours degree, he will start at £540. The maxima in these cases will be £725, £785, and £815. Local authorities will be free at their discretion to extend the extra £30 to second-class graduates. Qualified women will start at £405, rising to £580, with £48 extra for graduates and £24 for first and (possibly) second-class honours. Head teachers will, of course, get more, and unqualified and temporary teachers less; and the limited provision for additional payments to teachers holding posts of special responsibility will remain. Women's increments, at £15 a year, will remain lower than men's, which amount to £18.

The announcement of these proposals was followed by the expected cries of indignation from the National Union of Women Teachers, which objects to sex differentiation, and from the National Association of Schoolmasters, which demands more differentiation. The N.U.T. and the other teachers' associations have so far been more cautious in their comments. The N.U.T. stands for equal pay in theory, but does not press hard for it in practice. The associations of Grammar school teachers are still greatly discontented about the assimilation of rates of pay in all types of State schools. The Burnham Panel's proposals leave this matter as it was, and make no changes of principle except the small allowance for high-class graduates, which will not have much effect. At these rates, unless there is a trade slump, it will remain impossible to get enough good science and mathematics teachers, or to attract a sufficient number of really good teachers for the Grammar schools.

In our view, the principle of differentiating between individual teachers, rather than between types of school, is basically right; indeed, the bonus for first-class honours should be higher. But if we are to get a sufficient supply of really good teachers, there must be more elasticity in paying higher salaries to those who prove their worth, whether they hold top university honours or not. It would be undesirable to differentiate in favour of science teachers as such, despite the shortage: that is a matter rather of increasing the number of scientists in the universities.

Buchman and the Unions

Since the end of the war the Moral Rearmament Movement has been trying to establish itself within the trade unions, and especially within those with a militant or Communist leadership. It has taken shop stewards and national officers off to its "conversion" courses at Caux; made strange attempts to intervene in a number of disputes, especially those in the docks and at Austins; and has spent a great deal of money on industrial propaganda. The trenchant report now issued by the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions shows that such activities, which it condemns in the strongest terms, are part of a widespread effort to infiltrate the trade union movement.

The report, which gives a long account of Dr. Buchman's personal history—including his 1936 statement that "Hitler or any other Fascist leader controlled by God could cure all the ills of the world"—attacks M.R.A. for its "anti-democratic" character, and for its use of terms of "key men, to win over converts who follow their leaders blindly and unconditionally." It has tried to found "yellow" unions; it has made special use of ex-Communists, who are "an easy prey to mysticism" and accept Dr. Buchman's appeal to "blind herd instinct"; and its claims to "trade union achievements" are "half-truths or fabricated successes."

This documented exposure, which is sponsored by such solid union leaders as Mr. Deakin and Mr. Reuther, should help to check M.R.A.'s "industrial campaign," which has already won over a number of important trade unionists, here, on the Continent, and in the United States. It should also make some of the "converts" ask themselves whether they are serving the best interests of their members or the hidden purposes of others.

Professor R. H. Tawney

"The Labour Party can either be a political agent pressing in Parliament the claims of different groups of wage earners, or it can be an instrument for the establishment of a Socialist Commonwealth. What it can not be is both at the same time, in the same measure. It ought to tell its supporters that obvious truth. It ought to inform them that its business is to be the organ of a peaceful revolution, and that other interests must be subordinated to that primary duty." These words are taken from a memorable article written by Professor Tawney in 1934. We wonder, in the light of the letter we published from him last week, whether he still finds them valid.

The terminology of political controversy is always a matter of taste, and, on that, we are content to leave our defence in the hands of the two correspondents whose letters we publish this week—adding only the comment that Professor Tawney used harsh words with which to instruct us in the virtues of polite speech. But the real difficulty about Professor Tawney's position is that he does not challenge the facts on which we were commenting. It would be nonsense to suggest that Professor Tawney, of all men, approves, as the *Manchester Guardian*, for instance, seems to do, of the ruthless use of the block vote by the big three trade union bosses, to purge from the Labour Executive anybody, including the peacemakers, who has not followed their instructions. Would he prefer us silent on a matter which threatens the health of that partnership between trade unions and individual members on which, as he recognises, the Party is based?

CAIRO

Anxious Days for the Junta

A Correspondent writes: First words, then action. After a number of violent and vague denunciations by members of the Junta, General Neguib has arrested some twenty prominent Egyptian politicians, including, among other Waldists, Nahas Pasha himself. There is no reason to believe that these arrests are due to any widespread conspiracy. The plain fact is that, despite Neguib's enormous personal popularity, the regime has recently been losing its popular support. Land reform is progressing very slowly, the economic situation continues to deteriorate, and the budgetary gap has only been bridged by taxes on essential foodstuffs.

One drawback of this bloodless revolution, which quite unexpectedly gave supreme power to twelve honest but completely inexperienced young officers, is that the whole social and political order has remained intact and obstinately resistant to their reforming zeal. The Junta in Army Headquarters may propose, but those who dispose are still exactly the same as before. It is the exasperated recognition of this fact, both by the Junta itself and by public opinion, which has caused the new crisis. Something must be done to allay growing public discontent and to still the disagreements in the Junta itself and in the Army, on which it relies. The readiest weapon to hand is the arrest of a few prominent politicians of the *ancien regime*, but this is unlikely to remove the sense of instability in Cairo.

What is at first sight surprising, in view of this precarious situation, is the steady progress which has been made in the informal Anglo-Egyptian talks. Only two issues remain unresolved. The first, and most intractable, is the period during which British technicians, responsible to London, will remain in control of the base. Sir Brian Robertson, relying on powerful technical arguments, wants something like a ten-year period, whereas General Neguib, in order to satisfy national pride, must maintain that the transfer shall be completed in two or three. The second point of difference is the definition of the circumstances under which the British Army shall have the right to re-occupy the base. The British naturally wish to be able to treat Suez as a part of the Atlantic defence system, and to be free to use it if Russia threatens any part of that system. But General Neguib is determined to forbid it unless the Arab world is directly threatened.

It is clear by now that both sides genuinely desire to reach an early agreement. The Junta is desperately anxious for a diplomatic success to offset its domestic failures, while the War Office, as well as the Foreign Office, has good reasons for desiring at least a beginning of evacuation. On the other hand, if the political situation in Cairo continues to deteriorate, the British negotiators may begin to wonder how much value an agreement will have which is merely signed by Neguib and devoid of constitutional authority. What we are watching is an extremely leisurely race against time. Failure to clinch a bargain with General Neguib could prove as disastrous as our refusal in Persia to give General Razmara the success he needed in order to survive the attacks of his extremists.

NORTHERN RHODESIA

Another Betrayal

A Correspondent writes: Once again African representatives from Northern Rhodesia have gone home bitterly disappointed from a political conference in London. In carrying out its promised revision of this Protectorate's "constitution," the British Government has leant heavily towards the interests of White settlers, to the clear and certain disadvantage of the African population. As announced by Mr. Lyttelton this week, these political revisions advance the settlers a long step nearer to complete control of Northern Rhodesia—towards, that is, the condition of settlers' self-government which prevails in Southern Rhodesia. The betrayal of African interests which was inherent in imposing Central African Federation upon unwilling African populations is now followed, in the key territory of Northern Rhodesia, by another betrayal. Untrammelled settlers' control of the *whole* of British Central Africa was the principal objective of Federation: this week's changes in Northern Rhodesia fit neatly into that ambition.

The African Representative Council had empowered its representatives at the London conference to ask for parity of elected membership in the Legislative Council, leaving the nine official members (who are Government-nominated civil servants) to hold the balance. This parity exists already in Tanganyika, and works well there. The Northern Rhodesian settlers, led by Sir Roy Welensky, strongly opposed this. In the event, there are to be two more elected African members, but also two more elected White members. Welensky has also won a victory in the Executive Council, where he has managed greatly to strengthen the settlers' position. Mr. Moffat, one of two Europeans nominated to the Legislative Council on behalf of African interests, unfortunately made things easier for Welensky by refusing to act or even to consult together with his African colleagues. It is now probable that Mr. Moffat—apparently acceptable from the settlers' point of view—will become Minister for African Affairs in the Northern Rhodesian Executive Council. This cannot be regarded as a concession to African demands.

The Africans also asked that the franchise be extended on a property or annual wage-earning qualification of £100 to British-protected persons—i.e., Northern Rhodesian Africans. The present position is that Africans may become British citizens—and thus vote—by filling in the necessary papers and paying £5. Since this became possible in 1948, only three Africans have acquired citizenship; and, because protectorate status is greatly valued, few more are likely to follow them. But to this reasonable demand—which the settlers oppose—Mr. Lyttelton has made no answer. He has only promised to "discuss" it when he goes to Northern Rhodesia early next year.

Small wonder that the two African delegates, Mr. Yumbi and Mr. Sokota, have said that "we cannot in the name of our people accept the decisions of the Secretary of State, as they represent a further extension of political power to the settlers in the Territorial Legislature, and do not go even half-way to meet the views presented by us." In a strongly worded statement before leaving London, they complained that not only was the power of the settlers growing in Northern Rhodesia, but the settlers were now backed up by the Colonial Office and by the Northern Rhodesian Administration. The notion of a multi-racial Commonwealth of political equals has received short shrift at Mr. Lyttelton's hands in Central Africa.

Cue for a Third Voice

MR. DULLES and Mr. Vyshinsky have each of them made what Hitler used to call his last appeal to reason. Mr. Dulles has demanded that the Communists, in order to prove their desire for peace sincere, should accept the terms of Syngman Rhee, Bao Dai, and Chiang Kai-shek, and be ready to welcome in Europe a united Germany, rearmed and integrated into the Atlantic system. Mr. Vyshinsky's reply this week was an equally uncompromising declaration of aims which could only be realised after the "unconditional surrender" of the U.S. If the nations listen only to these two masters' voices, the world will soon be back in the grooves of Cold War out of which it was jolted last spring.

Back in the grooves—but a lot further towards Armageddon! In the months since Stalin's death, profound changes have taken place on both sides of the Iron Curtain. One at least of Russia's European satellites—the Eastern Zone of Germany—is now known to be unreliable. Cold War can only be resumed at the cost of tightening discipline still further, and so increasing the risk of a rising which a rearmed Western Germany could hardly fail to exploit. So, too, in Korea. Who can seriously believe that, with America busily rearming Syngman Rhee and Russia now pledged to do the same for North Korea, peace will be preserved for very long? In both cases, the partitioned *status quo* has become untenable. A refusal, therefore, to seek unification by agreement is tantamount to accepting the inevitability of unification by war. And if war comes, it will be impossible any longer to claim that the sole cause is Communist intransigence. If Mr. Vyshinsky is unreasonable, his unreason is a direct reaction to an American policy which, even though Mr. Lodge's speech to the General Assembly this week may foreshadow some tactical "softening," has been concerned at every stage to frustrate a negotiated settlement.

If the American people still fail, despite the warnings of Mr. Stevenson, to realise where Mr. Dulles is leading them, the fault lies partly with the British Government. After Mr. Dulles and Mr. Vyshinsky, the Assembly should have heard an English voice repeating in still stronger terms the call to sanity which the Prime Minister made on May 11. But Sir Winston has been silent; Mr. Eden is still resting, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's instructions are apparently to reassure Mr. Dulles that Britain is now in step again. Are we to see the Abyssinian debacle repeated all over again—first the British lead which thrilled the world and then the miserable climb-down?

In his broadcast last Friday Mr. Attlee showed that he understood both the gravity of the situation and the opportunity presented to this country. In his own quiet way, he said the very things which, if they had been said by a British Foreign Secretary in New York, could transform the whole situation. We hope that the Margate Conference will be used to show Labour unanimously resolved that a Third Voice shall be heard, speaking not only for this country, but for all the millions who know the fate which awaits them if Mr. Dulles and Mr. Vyshinsky between them are allowed to have the last word.

Too Dear to Eat

THE Government's rejection last week of the National Farmers Union's application for higher farm prices marks a turning point in the post-war development of British agriculture. On the face of it, the N.F.U. claim was not unreasonable. Agricultural workers have recently been granted a wage increase of 7s. a week; and when a slightly larger wage increase was given two years ago, the Minister of Agriculture hastened to recoup farmers in a special November Price Review. This year the application has been turned down out of hand—and at a time when farmers are already restive about the inroads into their security of the "free market" policy. For the first time since the war ended, farmers do not believe they will be able to sell what they produce. They have watched a Conservative Government nibble its way into the guarantees given by the 1947 Agriculture Act, "freeing" first the egg, then cereals, and now working overtime to perfect plans for derationing butter, bacon and meat. Behind the scenes, anxious consultations are going on. Surpluses of bacon and meat have already appeared in the shops, and derationing is only delayed by the Government's failure to work out marketing schemes which will satisfy the farmer as a substitute for State buying and distribution.

The fact is that the Tory, pledged to decontrol in industry as a doctrinaire pursuit, is in a dilemma when he seeks to reconcile this instinctive attitude with the needs of agriculture. In an attempt to bring greater "freedom" into marketing, the Government has been exploring devices such as guaranteed minimum prices and deficiency payments. These devices can offer the farmer only a residual guarantee, the assurance that prices will not be allowed to fall below a certain level. And the Government is trying to sell this policy to him with the promise that, in return, he will be allowed to reap profits freely above the minimum.

Such a policy can succeed only in a sellers' market; and the Government, victim of its own propaganda, seems to have believed that there was an almost limitless purchasing power waiting to be diverted from the consumption of tobacco and cinema seats as soon as food supplies became more freely available. But events have proved it wrong. The egg producer, for instance, is bitterly complaining today that the fixing of an uneconomic "floor" price, with permission to profiteer when the occasion allows, is proving less profitable than the constraints of prices guaranteed (and controlled) at an economic level throughout the year. In its September issue, the *Dairy Farmer* analysed the breakdown of the "freedom" policy. It showed that the theories of the orthodox economists have not, in fact, been vindicated by experience. Freedom to increase prices has not stimulated the production of eggs. On the contrary, high prices have become the consequence of falling production. "What caused high prices?" it asked; and replied: "Many farmers without the combined assurance of a guaranteed market at a guaranteed *profitable* price felt egg production might not pay and cut their flocks." It added: "Their best hope of making a profit is to keep production just low enough to avoid pricing eggs out of the market. That will be the poultry farmers' aim under a free market."

The truth is now beginning to penetrate the minds of farmers, as well as of a Conservative Government, that a policy to expand food production is meaningless unless it is linked with a planned *consumption* policy. The worst problems are meat, bacon and milk, where surpluses at present levels of supply are already appearing. Our consumption per head of all types of meat is still only about two-thirds of pre-war. Yet, customers who will take more than their entitlement are encouraged by the butcher to do so; and bacon has had to be taken temporarily off the ration because of the accumulation of supplies. In milk, the glut is becoming embarrassing. Milk production is rising while the consumption of liquid milk steadily falls. The surplus is being passed to the manufacturers who, so far this year, are receiving about 25 per cent more milk than they did before the war. Butter and cheese are still scarce, but the surplus of milk cannot be used to increase production, unless we are prepared to increase the food subsidies. (Butter produced from British milk without subsidy would retail at 8s a pound.)

"The root cause of all this chaos in food policy," says the *Economist*, "is the confused attempt to achieve two goals at the same time: to increase food production at home and to advance towards a free market." No Socialist could have outlined the Tory dilemma more succinctly. The Government is offering the farmer less security, in return for freedom to make what profit he can. But such a policy rests on the assumption that food can always be sold, regardless of price; and it has taken only a few months to demonstrate the fallacy of this theory. Higher prices for fat pigs in the 1952 Farm Price Review have, for instance, led to a glut of fat pork in the shops, which ought to be relieved by diverting supplies to the bacon factories. But increased supplies of British bacon would only embarrass the Government. So wide is the discrepancy between the cost of imported bacon on the one hand and of home-produced bacon on the other—according to a recent article in *The Times* the disparity is in the ratio of 2:3—that the Government is financing what remains of the subsidy on the latter by its profit on the sale of the former. Any increase in the supply of British bacon would, therefore, entail either an increase in food subsidies or a rise in price. And any further price rise would spell a fall in demand.

It is not surprising that the farmer is alarmed at present trends and is seeking some new form of distribution which would safeguard his profits. The N.F.U.'s remedy is to get the control of meat distribution into the producers' hands through the setting up of livestock marketing boards. The classic function of such boards is to "regulate" supplies in the producers' interests. Profit is secured by controlling production at home, and restricting imports, to a level which the market can absorb at prices the producer finds remunerative. This is certainly one way of giving the producer security, but it has nothing to do with an expansion programme.

The fact is that we have reached a new stage in world food production. The Labour Government's Agriculture Act of 1947 was, in effect, a continuation of wartime expedients, when the overriding need under siege conditions was to expand production at any cost. Such a policy was still appropriate in the early years following the war, when the world was hag-ridden by food shortages. Today the picture is very different. "In the last few years," says the F.A.O. in its world review published last month, "agricultural

production has increased by rather over 2 per cent annually and slightly exceeded the growth of world population." The review makes clear that the increase in production per head has been very uneven and that the gulf between the haves and the have-nots is widening. None the less, the global picture has been radically changed; the emphasis is beginning to shift from the problem of supply to the problem of distribution. The shortages on the one hand are now balanced by the surpluses on the other. The most dramatic surpluses are, of course, appearing in N. America, where "*per caput* production in the last few years has ranged between 15 per cent and 20 per cent more than before the war, while in the Far East it has been 15 per cent to 20 per cent less." Between these two extremes, West Europe has increased her agricultural production by between 10 per cent and 20 per cent during a period in which her population has increased by only 10 per cent. During 1952-53, therefore, West Europe was able to maintain the relatively favourable food consumption levels achieved in the preceding year, with less dependence on food imports from the dollar area. This means that, even in Europe, we are reaching the point at which consumption is regulated by price rather than supply. In the words of the F.A.O.: "Today the question is whether economic expansion and the consequent increase in income and demand in developing areas will be adequate to absorb the increasing supply of some agricultural products at prices sufficiently satisfying to producers to maintain increased production."

In such a situation, it is a waste of time merely to continue the 1947 policy without any provision for reducing costs. Higher prices for food will tend to reduce, rather than stimulate, home production. The Government has seen the red light at last: hence last week's decision. But this decision poses a problem for all of us. However much we may desire to expand British agriculture, this country can never become self-sufficient in food and we shall still be a nation which lives primarily by exporting manufactured goods. How far dare we go in increasing our costs of industrial production by raising the cost of living at home? The price we pay for our food is a dominating element in the cost of production. To increase home production of food regardless of cost will mean a switch from more economic to less economic production and a reduction of the overall standard of living.

During the past year Britain has been the one country in Europe where food prices have been rising at a time when world prices have been on the decline. Any further reduction in food subsidies will accelerate this process and widen the discrepancy between the price of home-produced and that of imported food. As long, therefore, as the proportion of home-produced food in our diet increases, the overall cost of our food will be rising. This is a problem to which neither party has found a wholly convincing answer. Labour, in *Challenge to Britain*, has outlined a programme of agricultural expansion more ambitious than anything the Tories have yet attempted. The aim is to raise home food production by one-third in five years, by bringing marginal and derelict land into production and by increasing the output of existing land. But such expansion will call for a costly programme of capital investment, which will increase prices to uneconomic levels unless the efficiency of British farming can be raised far more rapidly than we have so far achieved. Do any of us really know what needs to be done? Can we stimulate British farmers to produce our food at prices which bear a reasonable relation to costs of production elsewhere? And if not, are we prepared to face the fall in our overall standard of life which that would mean? Are we, in other words, sure that the increased supplies can be produced at prices the consumer can afford to pay? If not, are we prepared to foot a huge bill for food subsidies? Until we have formulated convincing answers to these questions, it is a delusion to think we have solved the problem of meeting the challenge to Britain.

BARBARA CASTLE

London Diary

ESCAPES and hurried journeys make an irresistible appeal, especially in the silly season. To say one should not feel curious about Mrs. Maclean's departure from Switzerland or refrain from comment on this action by a free agent (odd choice of words) seems to me absurd. It is enormously interesting for us; and must have been enormously important for her. I see it as one of those personal actions which are the real stuff of history, too often passed off on us as a series of Acts of Parliament. Divided loyalties, too, are always the stuff of drama. I see it too much perhaps in Hitchcock film dress. Perhaps one should put it, imaginatively, into "period." Jacobite, perhaps, or the Tudor tushery of the time of the Marian persecutions, say. Meanwhile much high-minded talk of 1951 now looks rather silly. And, of course, red faces go with red herrings. True, the game is not one-sided, though no one has yet shouted "General Post!" The Mig pilot who lands his plane and the £35,000 bonus is, I suppose, another straw in the wind. And Beria? No, imagination rejects Beria grovelling at McCarthy's feet. Still, better say nothing. I recall with shame my incredulity about the landing of Rudolf Hess.

* * *

Meanwhile another sort of sentimental journey seems not to be running quite smoothly—that of P.o.W.s returning from Korea and, after long waiting, also achieving family reunions. Jolly good luck to them. But what about those little parties of dissidents who apparently go enough in fear to ask for protective custody and have to be put off en route? It all sounds rather like "payday" at my prep. school, when sneaks, pi-boys or little friends of the staff used to be beaten up in the changing rooms before the hols. Among the first releases was undoubtedly a hard core of Communist sympathisers—you'd expect them to come first anyhow. Doubtless also some natural barrack-room lawyers, who would easily be sold any "anti" line. But with sixty per cent of the Army conscripted for National Service, and with all that that means in hidden resentment, some other temporary conversions would not be very surprising. It is the age, twenty or so, for conversions, religious or other, for apostacy, for iconoclasm. But naturally that provokes corresponding resentments. As for brainwashing, a good brain needs constant rinsing: inner cleanliness, as we are so often told, comes first. At various stages in one's life one has to set about a big shampoo. On emerging from a Public school, for instance, or in August, 1939. Brain wash; or eyewash (and did you Maclean your brain to-day?).

* * *

"They asked for meat and put on a stone." Steaks are plentiful for those who can pay and dare eat. Many an old friend has gone from the menu, e.g., "jugged hare" (an old crow, boiled to death). Just the time, maybe, to start a price-war about fish, though I can't whip up much real ardour or cry "Saint George for Iceland." Mr. Dawson may do the housewife a good turn. I know little about him; they say he wears well-cut blue suits, which argues taste and a bank balance. Few people are in the fish business for their health anyway; and while on that point, staleness as much as high price seems to me a grievance about fish in Britain (as opposed to Scandinavia, say). If Mr. Dawson means to break a monopoly, good luck to him. Or is it just cod stuff? Besides, a cut-price war with lawn mowers or frigs is one thing, with fish another. A long-boycotted plaice is no lovesome thing, god wot.

* * *

The 700-mile-an-hour Duke, easily confused with the other flying duke, broke the record while chewing toffee chocs. Sound reasons for this, no doubt. But on earth, too, we hold the record as the sweet-eatingest people in the world: 8oz a week each, and your neighbours in the cinema much more, of course—pound and half of peppermint creams per picture. This is a hangover from rationing, but social prestige seems involved too, since so many celebrities would, they say, never get through without popping in a Mars bar now and again. Mostly though, it is a question of menus. Half a pound of bull's-eyes between breakfast and elevenses does wonders in taking your mind off the coming lunch of tired rissoles and processed peas.

* * *

Canon Collins on toleration—a fine sermon, and I wish he had said more on anti-Semitism. Are we a less tolerant, even as they say we are, a less cleanly, nation than we were? The two virtues never should be taken as established: they need inculcating, for every generation, or one quickly slips behind. Desmond MacCarthy called anti-Semitism a sure mark of a coarse mind, but it is not confined to the toughs, at all. Again—what of *repressed* anti-Semitism, possibly more dangerous than the overt sort which ventilates itself with those jokes about Jews which Jews love to tell and to hear? Since Hitler, all that has been impossible. One odd thing: though you sometimes hear Jews being abused in the abstract, you will often find that the speaker is completely blind when it comes to recognising a Jew—akin to our common architectural blindness. He'll address his remarks to a workmate or a friendly stranger quite unaware that he is talking *to* a Jew. All of which explains why so many Jews change their names—from, say, Schindler to Sinclair or Schuster to Chester. Yet this is a pity: the best way to prevent anti-Semitism is to like the Jews you know *as* Jews. The other day, watching a famous Jewish comedian, I said to a (not at all naive) companion: "Pity he didn't tell us any Jewish stories" (which he does incomparably). I got a stare of unbelief: "What, him a Jew? Well, now you say . . ." I wished I hadn't spoken, later changed my mind.

* * *

Not all sermons are so well timed. The Archbishop of York thinks, perhaps rightly, that modern novelists encourage licence and that their autobiographies show that they practise what they preach. (If only everyone would!) Meanwhile in the Isle of Man, two tales have been nominally condemned. But thereby hangs another sort of tail, as the chaste Desdemona said to the jester. The demand for the two novels—I cannot recall their names but everyone is reading 'em and one was reviewed in that dashing news-sheet, *The Times Literary Supplement*—has produced a temporary shortage of these masterpieces: it is like those days in the war when "No more offal" in the butchers was paired with "No more War and Peace" at Foyle's. Prosecutions for obscenity always seem to set the daughters of the Philistines a-dancing. This week

in London, "Corpun" Wildman's private collection of books came under censure; and, as usual, the magistrate, the sensible Mr. Marks, had an awkward time of it. Having read a passage from a work called *Convent Life Unveiled*, he said: "It seems to me sadistic." The defendant's counsel pointed out: "It is published by the Protestant Truth Society." The magistrate replied that the passage was obviously obscene. Too, too Sade, *n'est-ce pas?*

* * *

Another case this week seemed to turn a surprising amount upon what the well-dressed apache should wear this autumn. On the tracks and in the pin saloons, the Far West style seems on the decline—crew cuts, trapper shirts, and jeans are going out. Edwardian high collars, velvet facings, drain-pipe trousers, long-waisted coats with tail slits are what Dame (or Lord) Fashion decrees. And hair styles? Definitely longer, it seems. A window cleaner I know whose views on the role of modern art as an affront to the working classes always interest me—looking at the Ivon Hitchens resentfully, he says, "If I'd done that, you'd reckon I done a proper mess"—is now, I notice, growing out his hair from bristles, with as much labour as the "bingled" ladies of the Twenties when shoulder lengths came back again.

* * *

I wish Dick Winnington, the *News Chronicle's* film critic, hadn't died. He'd been dreadfully ill, but had these last years made what looked like a solid come-back. Curious man, with an enigmatic way I never quite got to like, though his company was extremely stimulating. I shall greatly miss him as a critic in a field where—still—there is a lot of appallingly unprofessional work being done, a bright pen doing service in place of a real eye for what makes the difference between a good film and a bad. Well, Dick knew that all right, and cared passionately about it. This mystified Wardour Street, which could only see either animus or caprice in his fierce judgments; though, to do them justice, the tycoons began to see dimly that a man couldn't go on writing like that if it wasn't coming from a strong well of truth inside him.

* * *

Two a.m. telephone caller: "Imogen dear, have I woken you?" *Myself* (through sleep and seconal): "Do I *sound* like Imogen?" Voice: "I think you're *bloody* rude!". Bang! This seemed unjust, but made me laugh. It reminded me of the *New Yorker's* "Put in that hearing-aid, I want to nag you!"

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

On page eight today we print the conclusions of lawyer who was asked by *The Observer* to examine the reports on the Evans case. . . .

He concludes that there are no real grounds for a further inquiry, but that there are some grounds for thinking there may have been a miscarriage of justice.—*Observer.* (B. B. Chaplin.)

Edgware Town, yet to win a Corinthian League game this season, are trying new tactics. . . . A psychotherapist, Mr. —, will "help each player to iron out his playing problems."—*News Chronicle.* (T. Hill.)

Dialectical Materialist and elderly mother require housekeeper.—Advt. in *Daily Worker.* (F. L. Wilson.)

A man walked into a council's recreation ground yesterday and asked: "Please, can my bear come and bathe in your boating pool?"

"Certainly not," said the astonished park superintendent. "There are no provisions in the by-laws permitting bears in the park."—*News Chronicle.* (R. Fieldwick.)

SUR LA PLAGE

"When we have had our row . . . this movement is going to be a solid united movement behind the leadership."—*Aneurin Bevan. Sept. 22.*

When trade union delegations
Utter loud recriminations
And parliamentary policy impeach,
Every capitalist journal
Shows how delegates fraternal
Will atomise at Margate on the beach.

Labour chiefs will be the target
For guerilla fire at Margate,
Where rank-and-file will drown the platform speech—
When the National Executive
Has faced defeats consecutive
They'll go and build sand-castles on the beach.

Conservatives are crowing,
For the tide their way is flowing
Since the Left no working compromise can reach,
And when Labour is disbanded
And the leaders beached and stranded,
They will gather voting jetsam on the beach.

But their hopes are rudely shaken,
For due notice must be taken
When Nye Bevan leaps again into the breach
And announces with conviction
There will be no further friction
Once Labour's had it out upon the beach.

When the T.U. guns have volleyed
They will find the ranks more solid—
They're always each for all and all for each—
And the family commotion
Will subside beside the ocean
When they make it up at Margate on the beach.

SAGITTARIUS.

Malenkov's Happy Peasants

A LARGE part of the world press got so excited over the Soviet H-Bomb that it scarcely had any space to devote to the numerous valuable indications on the present evolution of Soviet economy contained in the various speeches made at the August 8–10 Session of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. and the more recent meeting of the Supreme Soviet of the R.S.F.S.R. (Russia proper). Yet, supplemented by the publication of the Khrushchev Report on September 13, the decisions revealed by Soviet leaders have far-reaching importance. There is definitely a New Look.

It is, of course, not true, as has been suggested by some, that Malenkov has sacrificed "guns" to "butter," or heavy industry to light industry and agriculture, or that he has abandoned the "Stalin Plan for the Transformation of Nature." What Malenkov did say, however, was that Soviet heavy industry, employing 70 per cent. of the whole of industrial labour, and producing already 38 million tons of steel, had reached such a high degree of development that it could well afford to supply light industry with an ever-growing amount of equipment. He indicated, indeed, that there was a distinct *disproportion* now between heavy and light industry: the former, despite all the war devastation, had increased its output more than 2½ times, compared with 1940, while the latter had increased its output by only 72 per cent. "The Five-Year Plan," Malenkov said, "provides for a 65 per cent. increase in consumer goods between 1951 and 1955. We have the means of carrying out this programme well before 1955."

But it isn't only a question of equipping light industry. It is also a question of raising agricultural production and consumption, and bringing about an all-round increase in the standard of living. And here we come to a major development in the present evolution of Soviet economy—Malenkov's attempt at making the peasantry play ball. Several points of great significance are contained in the tax reform law and other decisions passed by the Supreme Soviet:—

(1) Higher State prices are to be paid both to the collective farms and to individual peasants (members or non-members) for their produce, and the purchasing power of the peasantry is thus to be increased.

(2) Members of collective farms are to be encouraged to develop their "individual" or "personal" plots on farms with a view to greatly increasing the output of meat, eggs, vegetables and dairy produce. This encouragement takes the form of an important tax reform providing not only for a 50 per cent. cut in the present agricultural tax payable on these "individual" plots, but also for various exemptions in the case of understocked farms.

(3) Finally, the law provides for a "fiscal amnesty," —that is, all tax arrears are to be written off. This measure clearly implies a pretty severe criticism of the taxation—now considered ruinous—as it existed under Stalin. Indeed, the Khrushchev Report does not mince its words. It says that the shortage of livestock (and especially cows, of which there are 8 million head fewer than in 1928 and 3 million head fewer than in 1940) was due to excessive taxation and the low State prices paid to the peasantry.

(4) According to Malenkov, the new laws will already increase the peasants' purchasing power in the second half of 1953 by 13 milliard roubles. This means roughly 100 roubles per head, or, in terms of purchasing power, between £3 or £4 per head in the current half year. That is only a small beginning. The plan provides for 30 million milch cows in the country by next year—the present figure being probably about 22 m.

Does all this mean that Malenkov may be suspected of a "Bukharinist deviation," and is preparing to abandon the Collective System? Nothing is farther from the truth. Under the new law the rate of taxation of non-Kolkhoz members is a good deal higher than that of Kolkhoz members, and fines are provided for Kolkhoz members not doing the prescribed minimum of "labour-days" on their collective farm. But the encouragement given to the *Kolkhozniks* to make the most of the "individual plots" is clearly calculated to make life on the Kolkhoz more pleasant and prosperous, and perhaps even to convince non-members of collectives, who are still fairly numerous in the Western Ukraine and the Baltic Republics, that it would be in their interest to join a Kolkhoz.

In short, it would be an exaggeration to speak of an "anti-Stalin" reaction. On the basic structure of Soviet economy there is no disagreement between Stalin and Malenkov. Heavy industry is the *basis*; and the collective system in agriculture is to be maintained or even extended. But for practical economic, if not humanitarian reasons, the present rulers of Russia have found it necessary to do away with the widespread discontent existing among the peasant class—a discontent that resulted in a tendency "not to bother," especially about cattle. *A prosperous peasantry within the framework of the Collective System*—that is clearly Malenkov's No. 1 objective in the near future. It is not a case of changing the Stalin system, but of correcting it. Agriculture is to be given the same priority as industry; and the need for greater attention to the "underdeveloped" sections of farming—notably meat and dairy produce— is now a key theme. More-

over, apart from better prices, lower taxes and the abolition of what might be called "excess profit tax" in the case of prosperous farms, the Malenkov Programme also provides for a vast organisation of the marketing of farm produce. Altogether, a nation-wide attempt is being made to improve *technically* the trade between town and country, and to do away with all those bottlenecks from which Russian peasant economy has suffered.

All this is fully confirmed by the Khrushchev Report. It relates unpleasant facts, hitherto carefully concealed: notably about the miserable number of fully trained specialists in the villages and of Kolkhoz chairmen with higher (2,400) or even secondary (14,000) education. It also says that most real agricultural experts are in Government offices, and not on the land. Among the measures prescribed are:—

> The dispatch by the Ministry of Education of 6,500 young engineers to the machine-tractor stations; the dispatch to the farms by the Ministry of Agriculture *before next Spring* of 100,000 agricultural and live-stock "specialists" with secondary or higher education; the supply of vast quantities of building material for cowsheds, stables, etc. Moreover, technicians in heavy industry are not to be discouraged from leaving in order to work in the villages.

The language spoken by Malenkov must please the peasants. The party bosses have started talking everyday business to the peasants: great stress is laid on the need for *more mineral fertilisers*, while much less is said than before about "cosmic schemes." Although Lysenko is not in disgrace, his "doctrine" is no longer treated as a panacea, and when he is allowed (as he was on August 18) to write an article in *Izvestia*, it is—on the best uses to be made of dung! All the same, it is not true that the plans for "the Stalinite transformation of nature" have been abandoned. Only it may not be called that any more. There is no indication whatsoever that the reforestation and the planting of forest belts have been abandoned, though the building of mighty dams and the vast irrigation schemes do not seem to have top priority any longer.

It should, of course, be remembered that Five-Year Plans have never been fixed and unalterable. Today, as in the past, certain parts of the programme are liable to be speeded up, others to be slowed down. And if the output of meat, milk and other consumer goods is to be speeded up today, a certain slowing-down is to be observed in the building of great hydro-electric plants and irrigation schemes. It is not true, as has been suggested in some papers, that the great Stalingrad Dam on the Volga has been abandoned; but at the meeting of the Supreme Soviet of the R.S.F.S.R., one deputy said that "the building of numerous dams, though approved by the Government, has been delayed as a result of decisions taken by the Ministry of Electric Power and by the Gosplan." In short, eggs and meat have been put near the top of the priorities list, and hydro-electric power stations have slipped down.

What's the reason for the change? Is it not that the Soviet Union, highly conscious of its rapidly growing technical skill and of its immense practical possibilities, is no longer in need of semi-mystical stimuli? It seems more important to talk of the virtues of dung than of the infallibility of Lysenko, and to draw attention to "the lamentable state of neglect" to be found in numerous agricultural branches. Milk comes before the Karakum desert. One has the impression that Malenkov is a realist, with little use for "cosmic" conceptions. Indeed, this may partly account for the eclipse of Stalin and the Stalin cult, which had its superstitious and "Old Russia" side to it. No doubt the Soviet Union will in time "transform nature." But nature can wait five or ten years. There is less hurry: the risk of an immediate shooting war has lessened. Cold War? Contentment is the best armour against propaganda. So much the better if Malenkov can succeed in making himself popular with the peasants—a miracle which Stalin never succeeded in performing.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Bagpipe Music

II. Lochaber No More?

FROM Achnasheen, where the wind-swept railway platform gives incongruous entry to a small hotel, the plushy Highland Tour coaches take their goggling clients down the pass to "lovely Loch Maree" and Gairloch. ("One hour's halt for lunch, ladies, and there'll be a piper outside the hotel tonight at Strathpeffer.") Few go farther West, or visit the big promontory which separates Gairloch from Loch Ewe, where the Navy's booms look grimly like fore-runners of World War III. For this point of land, thirty square miles or so in area, its spine high moor and its coastal strip closely settled after the Clearances, is no tourists' show-place, though the evening sun illumines, landward, a hundred-mile amphitheatre of mountains, from Suilven in Sutherlandshire to the Red Cuillin in Skye.

At Big Sand, there are (or rather, were) 36 crofts. Four are now worked, two of them by octogenarians. In the school at Coast the pupils in 1938 numbered 65. Today there are 16. Everywhere there is a shocking preponderance of old people, kindly stoics, some too feeble to cut their hay. In every square mile there are crofts abandoned and crumbling, or let only in summer by absentee crofters: rushes and bracken have moved in on arable and pasture. Yet the soil is workable—not the hopeless rock-bound earth of Western Sutherland. With a few tractors much could be done; and as for lime—an imperative necessity in the North-west—there is a 40,000-ton deposit not far away, if only "They" would build a mile of access road.

On this clinical specimen of Highland decay there descended, not long ago, a "fiery particle" in the shape of Mr. J. M. Rollo, a machine-tool manufacturer in Stirlingshire. Lodging, in his visits, with the adorable 89-year-old grandmother of the girl who helped to "liberate" the Stone of Destiny, he directs a rescue campaign. "Youth Brigaders" from Scots universities, under his leadership—and Rollo, in tartan lumber-shirt and ski-hat, gives the oddest impression of an *Arbeitsdienstführer* in Scots-Canadian dress—help at sowing-time and harvest; tractor-ploughs are being provided; and, in a community whose only "industry" previously was one disapproved by the Excise, the Hydro Board's optimistic supply of power is actually being put to productive use. On a disused gun-site beside Loch Ewe, Rollo has erected a tiny factory. There half-a-dozen young men—paid by the hour, so that they can work at will on their families' crofts—are working on semi-automatic capstan lathes, turning out a small, patented metal "wall-fixing." They seemed happy: one told me it was a godsend to have work at his door. And Rollo (who is a good Scot, but no starry-eyed philanthropist) assured me that the factory was run "at a profit"—though I am not quite sure what part inter-company book-keeping and taxation factors play in this calculation.

Now I do not suggest that Mr. Rollo's experiment at Inverasdale points the royal road to a complete Highland renaissance. North of the Great Glen, there are things to be done which only the State can promote—large extensions of the scope of the Forestry Commission; reclamation for big-scale cattle-ranching of relatively level inland moors; still wider distribution of electricity and piped water; more house-building, on the excellent lines of Inverness-shire and not the present shoddy Sutherland stuff; more secondary schools, so that children of twelve no longer have to "board out" in towns fifty miles from home. In addition, if the remoter Highlands are to be saved, something must be done (by a publicly owned coastal shipping service or otherwise) to reduce transport costs. At present, in Western Inverness-shire, bricks cost nearly double their price in Glasgow. Road fares and freight-charges are not only a formidable handicap on marketing any saleable produce; they raise the whole cost of living against the crofter—widening still further the gap in his budget which must be filled by "outside" earnings. If we are not to say "Lochaber no more," and let go finally what's half-gone already, we (the taxpayers of Britain) must at least give back to the Northern crofting counties the £5 million a year which the petrol tax (I am told) yields on consumption North of the Glen. These are matters for "Them," not for individual pioneers.

Of some things, however, I am sure. If anything is to be made of *Tir na Caidheal* beyond a playground for absentee landowners and touring coach-parties, there will have to be re-population from the congested South. If such re-settlement is to work, crofting communities* will have to be *organised*, with collective purchase of seed and fertilisers and collective marketing of any "cash crops," with tractor-stations run by a trained, *working* "Group Supervisor," and with generous capital grants available for re-development. I think, too, that the Crofters' Act, with its present disincentive against betterment, must be amended. Rollo's voluntary labour scheme is, at present, no more than a patching-up expedient, though it is well-meant and helpful to the old people. (I shall long remember how 80-year-old Angus Macleod of Big Sand jumped over a clump of rushes when he heard that six students would come next day to cut his oats.) Ultimately the crofts must be worked by their own dwellers, even if some millions of initial subsidy have to be put in. Personally I had rather see the Treasury thus finance increased home food production and sane re-distribution of Britain's population, instead of pouring money into distant ground-nut schemes.

Next, some degree of *local* industrialisation is imperative. It is nonsense to say that Highlanders will not work at a machine; they will, with satisfaction, under the right conditions, though they will revolt from big factories. Production involving bulky raw materials is obviously impracticable, even if transport costs were lowered by State action; but there is a wide range of manufacture—light metals, textiles, plastics and even chemicals—whose output would be economically feasible. "It's no go the Ceilidh," and it's "no go the Herring Board," either. Reserve the Minch, if you like; I am not greatly impressed by the prospects of inshore Scots fishing. In the coastal strip of fish-minded Buchan, between Portgordon and Portsoy, where the unemployment figure today is nearly 700 out of a *total* population of barely 20,000, the planning authorities emphasised to me that the situation could be

* For a fuller examination of the problems of the crofting township, see *Highlands and Islands*, by Naomi Mitchison (Unity Publishing Co., 308 Clyde Street, Glasgow; 2s.). This informative and well-argued pamphlet gives, within the limits of the practicable, an excellent outline of progressive policy.

bettered only by the introduction of new industries not ancillary to the faithless sea. This is even more true of the North-west Highlands. And note: by 1960 or so, the thousands of men now employed on construction by the Hydro Board will be out of work. Unless they find occupation locally on a croft-*cum*-factory basis, they will inevitably join the drift South—save for the minority who could be retained by forestry or new State pasture-reclamation schemes, often far from their homes, at that.

Will there be other Rollos? I can see little hope of patriotic private enterprise meeting the need. It was a thousand pities that the 1943 Hydro-Electricity Act gave the Board no powers to run small industrial plants; the Highlands may still pay dearly for the obscurantism of landowners who think simply in terms of deer and salmon and ghillies, whose influence on local authorities is starkly reactionary, and whose agents are still capable of burning down—as was done this year—a couple of crofts regarded as a nuisance to a millionaire's sport. But even if a Socialist Government puts paid to these anti-social influences, and enacts a general measure of land reform so that land cannot be denied to those who want to rent and work it productively, I still think there will have to be a Highland Development Authority with powers and money, not only to finance land-reclamation and ranching, crofting re-development and the like, but also to build, equip and run (perhaps under leased management) a whole net-work of small industrial enterprises based on electric power and—as a complement to crofting—organised on workers' part-time (perhaps two-shift) lines.

Miracles do not happen. Remoteness, the long winter nights, the rain which drenches man and flattens his crops—these are not to every taste. It may be that life in Lochaber—to say nothing of even lonelier Wester Ross or Sutherland—is incompatible with the 20th century's demand for "a packet of fags and a penny for the peep-show"; that talk of Highland reconstruction is as idle as the phoney longing of well-to-do Canadians for the "lone shieling and the misty island." Yet I am not so cynical or so pessimistic as my friend, Neil Calder of Wick. Grant that the majority of those still left in the crofting areas have love of leisure too deep in their bones, that they have learned too well how to live off one form of dole or another, that they are irrevocably in the ranks of the defeated. There may still be many Highlanders in the grim slums of the industrial belt who would gladly go North if they saw hope there. It is, after all, their own country; and if they would be some way off the picture-palace, they would be a big sight closer to those worth-while realities which old-fashioned folk call God.

AYLMER VALLANCE

The Sick Man of Europe

III. The Shape of Things to Come

POLITICAL prophecy is notoriously dangerous in France. Nevertheless, during the last six months there have been increasing signs that a major realignment of the political forces of the Fourth Republic is taking place. As in Italy, the dominant Centre bloc is beginning to disintegrate. Its two basic tenets—an economic policy based upon American aid, and a foreign policy based on the Atlantic Pact and E.D.C.—are no longer valid in the face of American reluctance to grant further supplies, and the general relaxation of the Cold War. It is becoming clear that the present Assembly, though only two years old, no longer reflects the feeling of the country as a whole; if an election were to be held, both the Left and the classical Right would make substantial gains.

The gains made by the Left, though not necessarily larger, might have more political significance; even within the present Assembly the elements of a "radical coalition" are emerging. The debate on M. Mendès-France's investiture showed that many Centre deputies were reconsidering their positions on a number of subjects (Indo-China, North Africa, economic controls) which have hitherto made any agreement with the Socialists out of the question. From this angle, the success of M. Mendès-France cannot be measured merely by the number of deputies he was able to pry away from the Centre leadership.

In addition, there are numerous signs that the Paris-Washington axis, the keystone of Right-Centre rule, is becoming increasingly unpopular. A recent poll, taken by the French Institute of Public Opinion and published in *Réalités*, on American foreign policy, showed that Frenchmen were deeply distrustful of the part played by the United States in France and in world affairs generally. Only 26 per cent approved of America's conduct of the war in Korea, and her handling of the Cold War was subjected to a wide range of criticism. Thus 66 per cent thought that American policy was dominated by the fear of Communism, while 64 per cent thought this fear was exaggerated and approved of the formula "The Americans are hypnotised by their hatred of Communism."

Significant, too, were responses to the crucial question: "Is American influence in France too great?" Some 39 per cent answered "Yes," 29 per cent "No," and 32 per cent were uncertain. Further, 26 per cent agreed that their attitude to America had cooled recently, and only 9 per cent. that it had grown warmer. An analysis of these figures reveals two important facts: first, increasing disapproval of American policies, and secondly, the existence of a large segment of French opinion (approximately a third) which has yet to make up its mind. The eventual crystallisation of this opinion is likely to have important consequences. And it must be remembered that this poll was taken before the execution of the Rosenbergs, an event which made a profound impression on French public opinion.

To this opposition to American influence on France must be added a growing volume of criticism of other aspects of Right-Centre policy, some of it from the most unlikely quarters. In May, the Catholic hierarchy denounced in scathing terms the conduct of French managements towards the workers, and drew attention to a fact which no recent French Government has dared to admit: that during the last two years the standard of living of industrial workers has been steadily declining. Similarly, M. Mauriac's campaign for a more liberal policy in North Africa, and the courageous resignation of M. Mitterrand have met with the approval of a large body of middle-class opinion. Finally, opinion now decisively favours a speedy settlement, somehow or other, of the war in Indo-China.

To sum up: there is now in existence a climate of opinion favourable to the formation of a coalition of the Left. But here we come to the vital question. What form should this coalition take? A Democratic-Socialist alliance, or a Popular Front? In other words, with or without the Communists? Here, the attitude of the Socialists will be decisive. So far, they have remained unmoved by Communist appeals for an alliance of the working-class parties. Both the political leaders and the leaders of the Force Ouvrière, the Socialist federation of trade unions, have repeatedly rejected Communist demands for co-operation either on a political or a trade union level. There are, despite the recent strikes, no signs of a weakening of this attitude in the leadership.

The Socialist leaders are undoubtedly correct in their view that the Socialists, as a party, have nothing to gain from such an alliance. They point out that the C.P. exploited the Popular Front of 1936 to wrest control of many trade unions and working-class areas from the Socialists; they maintain, firmly, that the C.P. has no genuine desire to carry through a reformist programme, and that if it were to take part in a coalition, it would devote all its energies to increasing its strength at the expense of the other members. This nervousness of the Socialists in their approach to the problem of alliance with the Communists is due to their gradual realisation that the S.F.I.O. is only in a limited sense a working-class party. Except in certain small and well-defined areas, the Socialists receive little support from the industrial workers, and they are being forced to rely increasingly on the vote of the white-collar worker. Naturally, they are afraid of losing the votes of this group—which plays a key role in the formation of French opinion—to the C.P., just as in the period 1936-1945 they lost the votes of a large section of the industrial workers. They have one final argument which seems unanswerable: whereas in 1936 Socialist voters outnumbered Communist by two to one, the position today is reversed.

Even so, most observers agree that the pressure on the Socialists to give way is increasing and likely to increase still further. As *Le Monde* remarked recently: "We are not yet back to 1936, but we are approaching 1934"—a reference to the date when the Socialists and Communists agreed to fight the election on a common programme. Certain Communist moves recently cannot fail to have an effect on the Socialist rank-and-file. For nearly a year, they have pursued a carefully planned campaign designed to demonstrate the advantages of a common wages policy. During the 1953 conference of the C.G.T., for instance, the platform cited the Compositors' Union as an outstanding example of successful working-class activity. At the time of the C.G.T.-F.O. split, this union was able to remain united because the Communist members agreed to make substantial concessions in the drafting of their programme. As a result, over 90 per cent of French compositors belong to the union—one of the reasons why their wages have kept in step with the rise in the cost of living. Clearly, this citation was intended to encourage other unions to attempt to formulate a joint policy with non-Communist unions.

The August strikes undoubtedly reinforced this line of argument, for their failure was due largely to the unwillingness of the unions to agree on common tactics and objectives. For the workers, they provided a convincing demonstration of the impotence of a working-class divided against itself. Hence, the Popular Front is being created, not in union headquarters and parliamentary lobbies, but in the workshops and the factories.

There is, finally, a new factor: the emergence of a common enemy. Whatever be the truth of the rumours circulating about Marshal Juin, there is no doubt that he has become the centre of a Right-wing cult, which is by no means confined to Fascist publications like *Rivarol*. He already has the support of the colonialists and the powerful Boussac interests; to these must be added many of the local prefects and a majority of the senior

Underground Movement

EVERY SHIP that heads down the Tees to the sea sails over an underground tunnel carrying I.C.I.'s pipelines deep below the river bed. One of the boldest engineering projects ever undertaken by a chemical company, I.C.I.'s pipeline tunnel connecting the Wilton chemical plants with those of Billingham, nine miles away, cost more than a million pounds, and provides the vital link that makes the Billingham-Wilton system the largest concentration of chemical industry in the world. From Wilton, pipelines carrying the valuable 'olefine' gases butylene and propylene, petrol (which is a by-product) and 'tail gas' (a mixture of residual gases rich in hydrogen) run a mile and a half up-river to the tunnel header shaft, where they plunge down to the nine-foot diameter tunnel.

Having completed their dark journey, the pipes surface on the opposite bank, which stretches away across desolate salt-marsh country to Billingham. There, high-pressure plants convert the propylene to isopropyl alcohol—another important chemical raw material—and the hydrogen in the tail gas to ammonia, while the butylene is used to improve the by-product petrol—and to make the 'bottled' gas that provides heat and light for yachtsmen, caravanners and country dwellers. Soon, the tunnel will carry back another raw material—brine. From boreholes on the north side of the Tees, a pipeline will feed this raw material—essential for the manufacture of chlorine and caustic soda—to plants now being built at Wilton. Forty road tankers a day would have been needed to carry the petrol, butylene and propylene that now pass unseen from one great chemical works to the other, while, were it not for the pipeline, the tail gas would have had to be wasted. The Billingham-Wilton link is a good example of that special kind of industrial efficiency that can be achieved only on a large scale—and with large resources.

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army officers. In addition, the Minister of the Interior, M. Martinaud-Déplat, who is said to be one of his admirers, has just issued the police with a new set of instructions for "maintaining order" should trouble arise this winter. Exaggerated or not, Juin's activities have certainly strengthened the idea of a Popular Front. They have, in fact, supplied the last link in the chain—a sense of urgency.

Even so, the way ahead is far from clear. The coalition of 1936 was, to a very great extent, the work of one man—Léon Blum—and he has no counterpart in present-day French politics. Mendès-France has many of the qualities of a leader, but he is still a leader without a party. Above all, the real decision lies with the C.P. leaders, and there is no indication, as yet, that they have been given the same freedom of action that Togliatti enjoys in Italy.

PAUL JOHNSON

Thoughts in the Wilderness

ON MASS COMMUNICATIONS

WHEN Mr. Edward Hyams recently remonstrated with me in your columns, he told me that a hundred thousand people buy my books and millions read them. I am sorry, but he is out of date, well behind the times. The books now that are bought and read on this scale are no longer written by professional authors but by young men who have been sailing rafts or getting themselves lost in the jungle. I noticed the other day in a local bookshop that all the books most prominently displayed were of this sort. This is the trend, as any bookseller or "literary" editor will tell you. The status of the man of letters is sharply declining. It may be true, as we are often told, that we have neither the talent nor the personality of the old masters of authorship, the men I admired in my youth; but that is not the whole story. The truth is, we live in quite a different world.

When I was young, before the First War, some of the best prose of the time appeared in morning papers. Moreover, even the most popular of these papers devoted a fair amount of space to the pronouncements, debates, quarrels, of men like Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Belloc. Shaw especially owed much of this constant reporting to the figure he cut in the public eye. Who receives this kind of attention now? The answer, of course, is Mr. Gilbert Harding. And I know Mr. Harding sufficiently well to declare confidently that he does not think of himself as another Shaw, Wells or Chesterton. He happens to be a frequent and effective performer on radio and TV. But that is enough, for now we are in a different world, in which we are already within sight of what might be called the Pay-off of Mass Communications.

Now if Mr. Hyams had told me to stop writing books in the Wilderness and to make use of mass communications, he would at least have been bang up to the minute. For it is there that you will find the attentive and admiring millions. And it happens that I have one of those rough-and-tumble personalities that are effective in these media, being far removed from the sensitive plants that wither when all the lights are switched on. I know most of the tricks of popular journalism, film, radio, TV. But, unfortunately, I regard these things with suspicion and growing alarm. They are busy creating a world I dislike intensely. Now it would be a sweet gag to use mass communications in order to denounce them—like that admirable headmaster who advised his TV audience to sell their sets and buy a good edition of Plato—but one's chances of bringing it off regularly are very small indeed. Any advice on this matter, sent privately and preferably typewritten, will be gratefully received.

As a matter of fact, I had an honest shot at it only the other week, when I asked my agent to see the managing editor of one of our most popular dailies on my behalf. I wanted, I told him, to write a series of brief, pungent articles entitled "Unpopular Opinions" in which, instead of flattering their customers, I would challenge most of their values and assumptions. But these wily fellows were not having any. They pointed out that their circulation was steadily rising and that, in effect, they did not propose to check it by disturbing their readers. Nor could I blame them. To succeed in mass communications you must flatter the customer and never disturb him. And that, of course, is what is happening, on a gigantic scale in America, and on an increasing scale here and elsewhere. So we spend billions on education, only to have the good work—if it is good work—rapidly undone by the mass communication experts, waiting to pounce on the boys and girls as they come out of school.

Thousands and thousands of extremely clever men and women are now engaged not (to use the old, forgotten phrase) in the task of "elevating the masses" but in the business of catering to all their whims, prejudices and idiocies. All day and half the night there are conferences in newspaper and magazine offices, film, radio and TV studios, deciding how everything can be shaped, coloured, cut down and trimmed, to flatter and tickle the mob of customers. If "they" like this, it is in; if "they" don't like that, it is out. Everything must be made smooth and easy. No effort must be required. History must be falsified, science distorted, religion sentimentalised, human relations hopelessly over-simplified, so that nobody is challenged, disturbed, asked to reflect or feel deeply. It it a kind of nursing home view of entertainment. The bedside manner, formerly used only for rich, foolish old women, is now laid on for millions. And as we approach the Pay-off, the patron is asked to do less and less. He need not leave his fireside, stir from his chair. His children, lured away from books, need no longer create visual images, for these will be supplied with the TV set. Even his parlour games will be played for him, so that he need no longer trouble to know his neighbours. Even TV politics are just round the corner, and, indeed, when I was in America a year ago, they seemed to have already arrived. The lazy half-wit, once a despised character except on fair grounds and at election times, has at last come into his own.

Younger readers must accept my assurance that all this is new. Fifty years ago there was little of this mass catering. Even a popular newspaper was rather better than its average reader, who was expected to make some effort. Even the music-hall offered flashes of genuine art and genius, to please a Max Beerbohm. There was no elaborately organised and publicised mass culture. Ordinary people were supposed to tag along somewhere on the fringes of real culture. The representatives of that culture may not have been widely appreciated but they existed as public figures, vaguely revered if not thoroughly understood, and had not then been driven out of sight and mind by the blown-up personalities of mass communication. Young people could easily pass from popular nonsense to an enjoyment of fine work, for there it was, waiting for them, and they were not deliberately herded away from it, kept by sinister magic in a closed circle of false mass culture, which is what is happening now. Unluckily, too, this circle was more or less completed at a time when large numbers of people suddenly found themselves with more money to spend and more leisure. This partly explains the failure of the promise of the war years, when many of us were far too optimistic. We did not realise then how easily mass culture, with its immense resources of publicity, could defeat us. We were like a man with a woodcut trying to compete with a four-colour poster thirty feet by ten.

Though I must have spent as much time with books, music, pictures as any man my age, I am sometimes represented to be an enemy of the arts, chiefly, I imagine, because I have occasionally laughed at pretentious aesthetes. But it is another of my grievances against mass culture that its existence shapes and encourages anti-mass culture, which seems to me thin, sterile, and often false. Thus, in B.B.C. terms, the Third Programme is as bad in its way as the Light Programme. It contains too much that is merely pretentious, amateurish, and debilitated. If I do not want Irving Berlin on a cinema organ, neither do I want coldly pedantic suites scored for harsh strings and an acid woodwind. Third-rate comics are unsatisfactory, but then so too are third-rate professors who have never learnt how to talk on the air. Thrillers written in American slang are sad bosh, and so are "experimental" novels, without narrative and characters, served up in dollops of bogus poetic prose: what is missing from both is talent. If mass communications belong too exclusively to the market place, the culture that deliberately reacts against it is often too far away from the market place. Too many people who rebel against mass culture imagine now that genuine "Art" must be identified with extreme introversion. It is taken for granted that the extroverted attitude belongs to entertainers or charlatans. Much of our recent criticism seems to have been written by disappointed men about invalids. The arts are so precious, fancy, and fenced-off that ordinary sensible men and women begin to despair of enjoying them, giving them up as a bad job. And all this self-conscious attitudinising, all these elaborate antics, are not part of a direct response to life itself but have been produced by the deliberate reaction against mass standards. They are in fact a by-product of mass communications.

A final fact, sadly unnoticed, about mass communications is that they are parasitic upon the very things they are trying to kill. They borrow and ruin talent, hardly ever create it. Thus it is the Theatre that trains playwrights, directors, actors, and not TV, which merely seduces the Theatre's patrons. It is the old-fashioned publisher or editor who discovers new writers and often keeps them alive. After twenty-five years of radio, and all the fuss there has been about it, only the feeblest glimmer of genuine new talent has ever been detected. The film studios and the popular Press scream at us about wide screens and 3D and the rest of it, when all that is required are good stories, sensitive acting, some genuine communication to us. The machinery comes first; the human factor, the blessing of talent, a long way after. It is typical of this new age that a man pays twelve shillings a week for a TV set and only sixpence for all that comes out of it. Meanwhile, the true old magic, which depends upon real communication between devoted men and women of shining talent and audiences willing to make an effort, is rapidly fading. Soon the machinery will be perfect, but all entrancing experience gone and forgotten. Perhaps the world will be run by robots; but nobody will notice the difference.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

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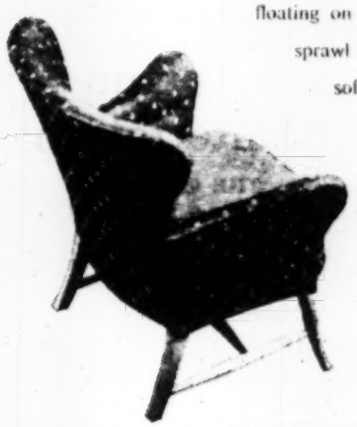

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Battsey's Luck

BATTSEY comes to us evenings, after his day's work for a neighbouring farmer. Believing, although not in so many words, that all art is one art, he will turn his hand to any trade. He scythes our orchard grass, trims our hedges and helps me to build a shed or dig a drain. Work is what he enjoys: he is in no particular need of extra money, although he likes to have it and sometimes asks for an advance, not for any purpose likely to arouse compassion or meet with approval, but to back a horse, which he also urges me to do. The horse loses, but Battsey insists that he is uncommonly lucky and is proud of his luck. True, the horse he backed with the money he has yet to earn did not come first: but it came second and if only he had thought to "do" it for a place, he would have won something.

As another instance of his remarkable luck Battsey tells how he was knocked down by a lorry which failed to stop. If it had stopped, think of the compensation he would have got: two or three thousand pounds, perhaps. For, and this is the point, although, a month later and still in hospital, he found that he had lost his sense of taste and his sense of smell, he could still see and hear, still move uncrippled, and had not been killed.

"'Adn't bin for me luck, I shouldn't be talking to you now," he says, rolling another of the tiny cigarettes upon which he coughs and coughs, maddeningly, all the time he is working.

"And you can't smell anything either, Battsey?"

"Not reg'lar," he says, adding, "Comin' through Bodleigh's Coppice a month ago, to look at me snares and get a few pea sticks, a lovely smell come to me. Made me stop it did. Lovely it was. Know what done it? A rank old dog fox lyin' up in the bracken. I seen 'im. Like 'oney suckle!" Battsey's green cat's eyes smile: he is genuinely amused.

The only ornithology I know I learnt from Battsey and it differs from Gilbert White's. In any case it's mainly about ways of killing birds. He has been along here lately at five in the mornings and again about nine in the evenings, shooting the pigeons which steal our peas and the blackbirds which take the strawberries. As a rule we are willing that blackbirds should take their share of fruit as some return for eating grubs and singing. We have been constrained, this year, to what politicians bent on brutality call *realism*, by the depradations of a microscopic fungus called *Botrytis cinerea* which has destroyed about half the strawberry crop over much of East Kent. We cannot kill the fungus, but we can kill the blackbirds which raid the remaining half of our crop.

Battsey offers the warm corpse of a blackbird to the cat: she refuses it, but greedily devours the sparrows he catches in mouse-traps, in the shed, where they go to steal the poultry food.

"She's artful," Battsey says, "a blackie ain't worth eating. Sparrows is different. Rich food, they are." And he gives me the recipe for a dish of sparrow's breasts in flaky pastry which his wife used to make before he lost his sense of taste in that bit of luck he had. I wonder, as he talks, whether one could popularise the dish—*suprêmes de moineaux en pâte*—and so reduce the numbers of these thievish vermin: the ecological approach.

"Richest dish I ever ate," Battsey says, and goes on to disparage a dish of larks by comparison.

I have eaten *uccelli* in Verona, but without pleasure, perhaps because I am still sufficiently urban to be sentimental about song-birds, although it seems to me that my distaste is due to knowledge of their usefulness; or to their bitter taste. In any case shooting larks seems a pity and I say so. Battsey smiles slyly over my shoulder. "Larks is game," he says, and, "Surprising the damage they'll do to green corn. Might 'a cost me a quid, once, shootin' larks, only the farmer paid it." He explains that he was employed to reduce the larks infesting twenty acres of wheat and went to the work on a Sunday and a hostile gamekeeper denounced him—Battsey being an occasional poacher of hares. He was prosecuted for shooting game on a Sunday. "Never knew it weren't legal," he says. I want to know why the gamekeeper acted so maliciously but Battsey has no answer to satisfy me: gamekeepers are just naturally malicious.

"Not as it done 'im any good," Battsey says. It seems he was charcoal burning all that season, in the gamekeeper's territory, the farmer wanting charcoal to dry his hops. "Every time I seen a nest of partridge eggs, I took 'em home and fried 'em. That'll teach 'im, I reckon."

I believed him: I've known him take home a nest of blackbird's eggs in case they might be still good to eat, for he hates waste and the dam will rarely return to a nest exposed by the brishing-hook. Had Battsey not known this, he would have preserved the eggs for her with the care of a gamekeeper guarding nesting pheasants, so as to have more blackbirds to shoot later. I've caught him sparing young rabbits down for extermination, waiting until they have grown to be worth a florin each when he shoots them.

"Blackies," he says, reloading after knocking one down at thirty yards as it flew fast and low and chattering across the strawberry plantation, "Blackies is artful. You'll laugh, but it's true what I'll tell you. You take a nestful of fledgling blackies and put 'em in a cage outside the house. The old bird 'll find 'em. You may feed 'em and they may eat hearty, one'll die every day for all that, till they're all done. She poisons 'em. She brings 'em a poisonous worm every day and the chick that gets it dies."

He looks at me sideways to see if I believe him. I do. It would be denying myself a cheap and simple pleasure to disbelieve this living Aesop's fable. Oh Roman matron of a bird, implacably devoting her family to death since liberty is denied them! But Battsey, tainted with rationalism, is not pleased with my credulity: he wishes to produce his proof, the science he has brought to the study of ornithology.

"Say I 'ave me chicken about me when I'm digging the garden, to get a feast of worms. Every so often they leave one aside. Won't touch it, see. I reckon it's poisonous and they know it. That'll be the worm the old blackie uses. Artful, like I said."

The time Battsey confessed that he had not known it was illegal to shoot game on a Sunday I was not surprised. He seems, in his worship of his luck, to honour all religions but the one he was born to, or at least the religion which came before Christianity in the countryside. When we were digging the foundations for the big shed we found a horseshoe. There was nothing surprising in that: the place has been lived on and worked for a couple of thousand years, or more, for we have found knapped flints more than once. Battsey cleaned the horseshoe and laid it aside with the "horns" upwards.

"To save the luck running out," he said, but I knew better: great, indeed, is Diana of the Ephesians, whose symbols are still so correctly handled! And when the shed was up and tiled and painted, he found the horseshoe where he had set it. I had myself cemented a scallop shell so as to close the open end of the front ridge tile, as I had seen builders do. But it was Battsey who went up the too short ladder to nail the horseshoe, horns upwards, so that it embraced the shell. He could barely reach, and made, for him, a careless job of it, being perhaps tired at the end of a hundred-hour working week.

At all events it was on him that the rusty old crescent of iron fell as he opened the door of the shed the following evening. I came out, having heard his bicycle bell in the gusty twilight, to find him wiping blood from an ugly gash over his left eye and looking grey and as old as his seventy years. He dismissed my concern, my offer of iodine and dressings; he preferred a handful of cobweb.

"'Adn't bin for me luck," he said, "it'd likely have knocked me eye out. But there it is, I always was a lucky one."

I refixed the horseshoe myself.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

THE OLD VIC

THE Old Vic has made a wonderfully good start with the opening plays of its repertory. And I am glad that I left myself a large loophole in my account of the *Hamlet* when it was done at the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh. As I surmised there, the production comes into its own only now that we see it in the comparative intimacy of a proper theatre. But I admit that I had not expected Mr. Richard Burton's performance would transmute itself from a valiant attempt into a sure achievement. But it does. It may be argued that his interpretation is lacking in subtlety and, even, variety. But all other considerations are secondary, when passion and power combine to carry us out of ourselves into the living and suffering centre of poetic tragedy. Mr. Burton does this for us. We can hardly ask for more.

Two other performances "come up" admirably. Miss Fay Compton's Queen now ranks for me among the very best. The closet scene has always struck me as excessively difficult for the actress, since it is so very largely a matter of "backing up." Miss Compton was supremely convincing in this, and in her report of Ophelia's drowning immensely moving. Then Mr. Michael Horden's Polonius (so much of which was thrown away at Edinburgh) scales down here to a completely convincing portrait—freshly observed in its mannerisms and tricks of voice and amusing in a new way. Altogether, this is a *Hamlet* of which the Old Vic may be justly proud.

All's Well That Ends Well is a play that has long been condemned by the commentators. The old fallacy that because Shakespeare was the National Bard, everything he wrote ought to be uplifting, bedevils the argument even to this day. "The story is nauseous and disgusting. The thought of a noble woman so debasing herself as to capture a husband by the means presented here is so degrading that few can take any pleasure in the reading of the play," Dr. Bowdler? No; Dr. Allardyce Nicoll in his handbook, *British Drama*, first published in 1925 and revised in 1947. And, of course, if you start from the assumption a "noble" woman, you are indeed in a difficulty with the play, as you are indeed if you introduce moral judgments at all. But why on earth should we? No one would think of weighing the moral worth of the miller's wife in Apuleius's tale. If she had any moral worth, there wouldn't be any tale. It is the same with Helena. *All's Well* is a tale of bawdry taken from Boccaccio and re-told in the same spirit and to be enjoyed in that spirit. That Mr. Benthall, in producing it, should be a little nervous that it wouldn't be so accepted is understandable enough. And this, no doubt, is his excuse for

some of the comic excrescences. To underline the spirit in which we are to take it he has—mistakenly I think—made the King and his entourage "funnies". (Certainly I wish that the new Shakespearean humour *à la* Guthrie would now give place to something different.)

But it is really Miss Claire Bloom who carries the play. She puts Helena absolutely right with us from the very start. Moralistic worriers draw a blank with her. A fresh straightforward resolute girl, she knows what she wants (in the worst possible sense of the phrase) and is healthily determined to get it; and such is her charm, her simplicity, her directness, that she carries every decent-minded member of the audience along with her.

Mr. Michael Horden completes a clever double with a fine dandified wreck of a Parolles and Miss Fay Compton is an excellent Countess. Mr. John Neville is in some slight difficulties with the young scamp of a husband for the very reason that the notions of "noble" and "hero" are allowed to cling about him. He ought in Bocaccio style to be a wild handsome lad, indulgently forgiven his repeated wild oats—nothing more. And it would also make better sense if at the beginning Helena were in an altogether humbler capacity in the Countess's household so that the boy would never have given her a thought—except a few odd lecherous ones.

Mr. Osbert Lancaster who designs the sets has laboured to complete the story-book atmosphere. But it is only a partial success. He hasn't, as Mr. Kenneth Rowell has in the *Hamlet* designs, played in with the permanent facade; and there is some cumbersome work with panels on wheels for scenes which don't deserve such weight. The permanent facade which is designed (by James Bailey) to solve the problem of repertory for a theatre which has no scenery storage on the spot, is likely to work excellently, provided designers play with it and not against it.

T. C. WORSLEY

ARABELLA

Arabella has an odd plot. What Strauss wanted from his librettist was "a realistic comedy with true and interesting human beings." What he received seems to have been a mannered comedy, with a heroine that he described as "insipid," and with action that, if viewed realistically, becomes distasteful (like *All's Well That Ends Well*). The usual letters hurried between composer and librettist, and Strauss urged Hofmannsthal to humanise his characters, and make their actions more interesting. At one moment he even suggested treating the subject as a *Werther*-like tragedy: that Mandryka should shoot himself before receiving from Arabella the symbolical glass of water! At length Strauss was satisfied. We are not, completely. Zdenka's action (she gives the key of Arabella's bedroom to a desperate suitor, and then impersonates Arabella in the dark) seems either incredible, or shocking and out of character. But what is completely realised is the psychological development of Arabella herself. At the start (and this probably coincides with Hofmannsthal's original conception) she is the romantic, coquettish girl, dreaming of *der Richtige* in the approved light-comedy manner. The right man, in the person of Mandryka, turns up. But it is only in the last act, when Arabella has been thoroughly and publicly compromised by Zdenka's foolishness, that her evolution is complete. The romantic conceits which she had confided to her sister are put aside. As a mature person, measuring her actions, she hands to Mandryka the glass of water which signifies their betrothal.

From a study of the score alone we should hardly realise how subtly Strauss has portrayed this character. What one finds there at first is beautiful music in Strauss's "characteristic" vein—the soprano line balanced about E with the violins twining affectionately round it. (But, be it noted, the orchestral accompaniment is far more subdued than in *Der Rosenkavalier*.) Lisa della Casa's performance as the heroine makes us aware of the opera's strength. Beneath the delicate, exquisite tracery of sound there is a firm intention: we are to see Arabella growing up. Some such purpose underlies each of Strauss's operas—that is what makes unfair the common charge that they are, merely, continuously beautiful sound-spinning. We must return to this theme; but first, the actual performance.

The offerings of the Bavarian State Opera have been notable for their integration and wholeness. In *Arabella*, Rudolf Hartmann's production, Helmut Jürgens's settings and Rudolf Kempe's reading of the score seemed to be the product of a single interpretative act; and within this single conception each singer and player fell into place. There were weak points (an unsympathetic Matteo, an awkward Zdenka, an inexperienced Fiakermilli), but nothing jarred. Everything revolved—and rightly, for so Strauss intended—around Arabella. Lisa della Casa perceived fine points in the role which a less sensitive interpreter might easily have missed. She sang with radiant tone—ampler and more varied than it was at Glyndebourne two years ago. She moved with beautiful artistry.

The heroines of *Arabella*, *Die Liebe der Danae* and *Capriccio*, the three operas which the Bavarians have staged in Covent Garden this last fortnight, like the Empress in *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (excerpts from which were broadcast recently in the Third Programme), gradually become self-aware. As a consequence of their self-awareness there arrives a moment when they see clearly what they must do: they move from passivity into action. It was Strauss's favourite theme. Even in *Salome* and *Elektra*, whose librettos came to him fully formed, the theme is implicit: the self-realisation, albeit horrible, of Salome; the resolution of Elektra which represents the stage of action after the decision has been made. The Marschallin's resignation, Ariadne's joyful acceptance that she loves Bacchus, the god, form part of the same pattern. In later works the theme is presented unequivocally. The Empress of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* must choose, quite simply, between her own happiness and that of another woman. "Wähle, Danae, wähle!" heralds the climax of *Die Liebe der Danae*. And *Capriccio* is an allegorical conversation-piece: should the Countess marry Olivier the poet or Flamand the composer: should words or music comes first in opera?

This does not mean that Strauss's operas are repetitive. Each of his heroines is a different personality; each is confronted with a different sort of problem. (It is just as wrong to argue, because certain harmonic progressions recur, and because cantilenas have sometimes a similar cut, that *Arabella* is a watery repetition of *Der Rosenkavalier*. Mr. Ernest Newman has set a notable lead in refuting this opinion.) But we may pertinently ask why Strauss returned, again and again, to the subject of woman's decision. Mainly, because he could write his most expressive and affecting music for the soprano voice; and because a theme involving indecision reaching decision called naturally for monologues. The monologues, not only in the operas mentioned above, but also in *Die Aegyptische Helena* and *Daphne*, are the great moments. We think of them (and then of their distinguished interpreters—Lotte Lehmann, Viorica Ursulleac, Annalies Kupper and now Lisa della Casa) when we think of Strauss's operas. His men, even Ochs and Mandryka, are less deeply felt. (The most memorable male characters, Octavian and the Composer of *Ariadne*, are both *travesti* parts.)

He not only wrote more movingly, he wrote technically better for the soprano voice. The singers of his baritone roles complain that they are cruelly taxing. Mandryka is a longer part than Telramund; Jupiter (in *Danae*) longer than any Wotan. Only three men, apparently, sing La Roche on the stage. Two of them are now in America; and so the illness of Benno Kusche has caused *Capriccio* to be delayed. I hope to consider it, together with *Die Liebe der Danae*—Strauss's last two operas—next week.

ANDREW PORTER

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RADIO NOTES

In a set of three talks, broadcast, I am happy to say, in the Home Service, where they have been doing good by stealth at 10.45 on Tuesday nights, Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson has been considering *History and the Writer*. His matter has been as provocative as his manner is polished, for he has been contending that the historical novel and, especially, the historical play, are the highest forms of the writing of history and also the highest forms of fiction and drama. "Examples!" one wanted to shout at the loudspeaker: "Let's have an illustration!" But in the space of the fifteen-minute talk, particularly when closely argued, what time is there for illustration and example? I can only hope that Mr. Ross Williamson will one day be given time to develop his thesis further and record that on this subject one listener at any rate has never heard anything more stimulating.

What Mr. Ross Williamson's opinion of the historical radio feature may be I don't know, but at its best it is certainly as good as anything we get from the B.B.C. It could be heard at its best last week in the Third with Mr. Christopher Sykes's *The War Criminal*, a study of the trial of Ney in 1815. It was a most distinguished programme: I doubt whether Mr. Sykes has ever done better. He produced it admirably, and the acting—that of Mr. Valentine Dyall as Ney and Mr. Esmé Percy as Louis XVIII especially—was of a very high order: one could feel the players rising to an occasion. What gave the programme so much of its power was its pertinence to our own times and problems. Ney was the first war criminal; as Mr. Sykes showed, nobody particularly wanted him tried; his arrest was a blunder; and the result of his trial, condemnation and execution was—Bonapartism and Napoleon III. Listening, it was impossible not to look over one's shoulder uneasily at the future. It might have been history commenting on our own war trials. And this effect was produced by the splendidly rounded characterisations Mr. Sykes achieved and his actors so well embodied. The participants in the case, one felt, had been caught to the life; they were not villains or heroes but fallible human beings trapped in the dilemma of politics. It was the sense of this—of Louis XVIII, kindly, well-disposed, but bearing on his back the weight of his family and his dynasty; of Ney, pledged to Louis, and then suddenly, unable to resist the old associations, the lure of the word liberty when Napoleon uttered it—that made the programme so moving and so memorable.

These are not exactly the *mots justes* for Lawrence's play *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd*, glad though I was of the chance of listening to it; Midland Region is to be congratulated on its courage in putting it on, for it is extremely unlikely to have interested anyone who is not primarily interested in its author. Lawrence had two or three ineffective flirtations with the theatre, and *The Widowing* very strongly suggests his trying to tailor his genius to meet the requirements of the Stage Society. The central situation is very close to that of *Sons and Lovers*, which appeared a year before the play was written. What emerged was Lawrence reduced to the level of *Cold Comfort Farm*. The cast struggled valiantly with their parts, but not even Miss Freda Jackson could triumph over the intractability of the material.

How good Lord Russell has been in his series of six talks *Portraits from Memory*. When I heard him on Lawrence in an earlier series some months ago I felt he was rather less than fair. But in these recent talks his incisiveness, his magisterial summings-up, have been delightful: what a historian was lost to philosophy! And incisiveness has not been the only quality: there has also been an Olympian magnanimity—witness his remarks on McTaggart. Of all the talks that which appealed most to me was the reminiscence of Conrad. No two great men, I had assumed beforehand, could have had less in common; which made Lord Russell's response to the novelist all the more moving. "His intense and passionate nobility shines in my memory like a star seen from the bottom of a well": to have heard Russell say these words was a great moment in one's listening life.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Return to Paradise," at the Odeon, Leicester Square
"Moana," at the National Film Theatre

There is an apt little anecdote about Hollywood and the South Seas in Richard Griffith's new book, *The World of Robert Flaherty*. Commissioned in 1928 by M.G.M. to make a film, in collaboration with one of the company's contracted directors, of Frederick O'Brien's *White Shadows in the South Seas*, Flaherty abandoned the project after a few weeks with the unit on Tahiti. One incident decided him:

> The tropic moon shone down on the beach, the soft waters lapped it, the Tahitians sang Polynesian songs in the coconut groves beyond, and, down on their knees in the sand beside a tiny radio, the cameramen were listening to Abe Lyman and his orchestra in the Coconut Grove in Hollywood.

An equivalent spirit, unfortunately, seems to have infused the making of *Return to Paradise*, a Technicolor film made last year by an American company on the little island of Matareva. Over the first glimpses of warm, paradisial shores glittering in the sunlight, a female voice on the soundtrack bays a honeyed theme-tune. The mind replaces the actual image with its own imagined one; spiritually we are back again in one of those anonymous nightclub sets, with a husky blonde sheathed in white menacing a microphone. Since the theme-tune recurs throughout *Return to Paradise*, the mental superimpositions distractingly accompany it.

Not that the subject, based on one of James Michener's South Seas stories, is altogether unpromising; a lean, solitary but amiable American (Gary Cooper) arrives on Matareva when it is ruled by a fanatically puritan British missionary, settles there in the face of his vicious opposition, and by his example encourages the Polynesians to reassert their natural ways of life. He falls in love with a native girl, who dies bearing him a daughter; he goes away and returns fifteen years later, during World War II, to find his daughter on the point of being seduced by an American airman recently shot down over the island. After putting a stop to this, he realises he has returned to Paradise and stays there.

The theme-tune, though, sets the whole key. In spite of Cooper's agreeable presence, this is a vulgar, insensitive film that ignores all the true human possibilities of its setting. One must blame the script-writer (Charles Kaufman) for its ineptitudes of dialogue and characterisation—the British missionary who, apart from imposing a curfew, banning nudity and conducting church services, seems to have done little except teach his parishioners to speak American, suddenly changes into a wise, game old fuddy-duddy with no motivation whatsoever, and the American's uncommunicative arrivals and departures are explained with the laconic cliché of "he's running away from something." Mark Robson's direction shows little response to his scene, and the real life of the islanders, almost submerged by the plot, appears only in some brief moments of dancing, feasting and ritual. The Technicolor is erratic, and not enhanced by projection on the New Wide Screen.

Return to Paradise was made just twenty years after Flaherty arrived on Safune to begin *Moana*. This rarely seen film will play at the National Film Theatre on October 1 and 2, and then goes into the regular cycle of its repertory programmes. It survives as one of the most beautiful of Flaherty's romantic primitive studies, an evocation of an Arcadia that has now vanished. As was his way, he arrived with no scenario, and lived on Safune until he felt he could make something that grew out of the place and the people; the result is a poem to the lovely and innocent simplicities of a kind of life that Flaherty uniquely communicated in the cinema. His genuine love of it has made his films ageless.

GAVIN LAMBERT

Everest Lectures, at the Festival Hall

Climbers are not picked for Himalayan expeditions because they are good public speakers: and one of the interests of the Everest lectures has been to see how the men who mastered the ice-fall, the South Col and the summit ridge would cope with audiences of 3,000 at the Festival Hall. (After the present series there they go to the North, and back to London for further lectures in October and November). They have appeared in teams of three—Hillary at every lecture, and two others from the rest of the party. Last week's speakers were very much in character. Hunt, the planner, was cool and expository, describing preparations, movements, loads and routes. Gregory, the Lancashire man who supported the summit party, was as pungent and friendly as if he were talking to a North of England climbing club. "Between Lowe and Tensing," he said of a dreadful night in a small tent on the South Col, "it was like sleeping in a vice." Hillary, less handy with the microphone than the oxygen mask, dashed at his story and imparted his own vigour and humour even though all his words didn't come through. There were no purple patches, no perorations—they showed their slides as informally, as matter-of-factly as any climber shows his friends his mountain pictures after a good season. But what pictures! Superb shots of scarlet rhododendrons high as houses, waves of blue foothills, ice-fluted peaks of green and silver, Makalu and dazzling Kanchenjunga eighty miles away from the top of Everest. And here and there the slides—of, say, the skeletons of the Swiss tents on the South Col, Bourdillon and Evans doubled over their axes on their return from the South summit—spoke far more eloquently than the lecturers of effort and exhaustion, doggedness and heroism, the terribly narrow margin in such an enterprise—however good the planning.

J. A. S.

Correspondence

PURGING THE SOCIALISTS

SIR,—It does not need Mr. Tawney's famous controversial prowess to convince us that, if we of the Labour Movement are to succeed, we must not quarrel, and that the less acrimonious our comments the better our chances of patching up our differences. It is an ironic comment on the frailty of human nature at its most elevated, however, that Mr. Tawney, in making this high-minded plea, should accuse you of "supercilious Pharisaism" and make use of other phrases calculated, one would have thought, to wound rather than to appease.

I hope that everyone at Margate will pay attention to Mr. Tawney's eloquent prayer for restraint. But it does seem to me that on this occasion he has sent his prayer to the wrong address. I do not suggest that you have never on any occasion been guilty of using poisoned words in this unhappy struggle within the Party. The particular article which has aroused Mr. Tawney, however, was a protest with which I should have expected him to be wholeheartedly in agreement.

Your argument was not directed to defending the Left against the Right; it was a protest against the efforts of certain trade union leaders to throw out from the positions of honour and influence not only those who differ from them in policy but also all those who, like Mr. Tawney himself, desire to make peace. It is surely strange that his dispassionate appeal makes no reference to the attack on Mr. Greenwood, who has sought to play the part of peacemaker, nor to the bitter contempt displayed by Sir William Lawther and Mr. Deakin for Mrs. Eirene White whose "dignified protest" you and Mr. Tawney unite in praising.

This is no longer a battle between mudslinging factions, as Mr. Tawney seems to imply, but an attempt by one side of the Party to destroy the other. If I were to give further evidence of this desire, I should be accused, on grounds of the highest morality, of

adding fuel to the flames. I will therefore content myself with humbly asking Mr. Tawney to address his protest and prayer to those in power as well as to those who are desperately and (probably not always wisely) fighting for permission to exist. I am sure that Sir William Lawther and his colleagues are at least as likely to listen to Mr. Tawney as to anyone.

SOCIALIST

SIR,—I share both the general admiration for much of Professor Tawney's past work and the general suspicion that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is a partisan journal written by fallible human beings; but, having re-read the particular article that incurred the professor's lecture, I am left wondering.

The only naughtiness that Mr. Tawney ventured to specify, committed either by the trade union Right or the political Left throughout "the last two years" of misbehaviour, is your own reference to "well-tried devices of trade union demagogy and power-politics." Was this phrase reprehensible because it was untrue or because it was true? It was surely not a piece of rootless vituperation: indeed I myself took it for a commonplace statement of recurrent historical fact. To smear your opponents as Communists, fellow-travellers and superior persons is, I should have thought, fairly to be described as demagogy, whether it be done by Sir Will Lawther, Ernest Bevin or Senator McCarthy. And certainly it has been "well-tried" both here and abroad. Conversely, it would be no less demagogic if anyone had described Sir Will as a Fascist, a capitalist catspaw and an inferior person, though nobody, so far as I am aware, has descended to any such *tu quoque*.

Again, is not Mr. Morrison's attempt to circumnavigate the judgment of the constituency parties and hoist himself on to the Party Executive at Arthur Greenwood's expense, by resorting to the power of the block vote wielded by a few trade union officials, a fair example of "power-politics" within a party? Is not Mrs. Eirene White's own dismissal, which she anticipated by resignation, another? It seems that even her degree of independence was considered excessive. Similarly with Mr. Hewitson.

Now it may be that these are precisely the kind of things, said and done, that Professor Tawney has noticed, rather late in life, and that have shocked him. Yet he is also shocked, apparently, that you should presume to share his disapproval. This is puzzling.

Perhaps the clue lies in the sentence where he boasts himself "an observer with no pretensions to political expertise." O enviable detachment! How often must boxers in the fourteenth round envy the well-poised, unbruised observers at the ringside—or even their own seconds, like Mr. Tawney and myself. Unfortunately the ring must be inhabited by someone, or there'd be nothing to observe. And, alas, fighters have a deplorable tendency to forget their detachment; the more so if they happen to believe in their cause.

The fact is that the Professor's strictures would have been harder to sustain if he had related them to concrete issues. How, for example, does he suggest Tom Williamson and Mark Hewitson should set about obeying his exhortation to "co-operate . . . in a common cause" over the socialisation of the chemical industry when one of them is for it and the other against it? Should one of them hold his tongue? And, if so, which? I should hesitate myself to stigmatise the Professor's exhortation as "supercilious Pharisaism," but it does seem hard to believe that he can really have overlooked this little dilemma peculiar to the democratic process.

Of course, I can well understand his wishing that Hewitson and Williamson did agree, and all the rest of them as well. Middle groups contain a lot of people who resent having to commit themselves to a decision. They also contain, of course, many people who quite legitimately consider sixty miles an hour too fast a pace and six miles an hour too slow. But even this metaphor, at least for active politicians, if not for observers, must sooner or later be translated into concrete issues of potential action to be decided eventually either by vulgar debate or by a Führer.

Perhaps Professor Tawney merely means that the debate should not be *too* vulgar, that acrimony should be avoided and tempers restrained. Yet I cannot think he had this irreproachable objective in mind, for then he himself would scarcely have set the contrary example by blackguarding those "comrades" with whom he disagrees as Holy Willys, pharisees and "a mob of Pekingese puppies on the scramble for cake." This may or may not be invective on a very distinguished level; it can hardly have been designed to lower the temperature of debate.

So what *was* the purpose of Professor Tawney's homily? I spurn the suspicion that it could be a piece of partisan propaganda masquerading as impartiality, for the Professor, on his own testimonial, is a detached observer uncorrupted by political expertise.

Puzzling, puzzling . . .

For myself I can only say that I still welcome debate, however vulgar, on points of political difference, though I could wish it (if I dare say so) cleansed as far as possible of distracting demagogy and the manoeuvres of power-politics.

BENN W. LEVY

NATIONAL THEATRE

SIR,—My article questioning the wisdom of the South Bank Theatre scheme and suggesting a better way of using the money has served to stimulate an invaluable controversy in your Correspondence columns. Invaluable, because it is the first time there has been any public discussion on the merits of the scheme, and because so many well-informed people have expressed their opinions.

It is surely not correct, as my friend Benn Levy suggests, that there has been no support for my view. He himself questions whether the South Bank proposal would fulfil the requirements of the National Theatre; Mr. Wolfit would rather that Drury Lane be bought for the purpose; and Mr. Andrew Campbell the Lyceum. Before commenting on what appear to me to be the major points of those who have disagreed with me, it is necessary to restate the thesis of my article. It was, in brief, that the major purpose of the National Theatre movement has always been the provision of endowed theatres in London and the provinces, where good British drama could be presented by first-class repertory companies freed from the fetters of the commercial stage. This principle has now been accepted, but its implementation is severely handicapped through inadequate funds, particularly in the provinces.

London has the Old Vic. By its constitution and its standard of performance it is a National Theatre in everything but name. The building, though imperfect, has the inestimable advantage of having "associations which call forth a deep emotional response from all devotees of the serious theatre." The interests of the British drama would therefore be far better served by spending the bulk of the £1,000,000 in providing provincial repertory organisations with the capital resources they so urgently need, rather than in erecting a new theatre, a few hundred yards away from the Old Vic, and of about the same seating capacity. Nothing that any of your correspondents have said has shaken my conviction that this is right.

Mr. Michael Redgrave protests that the stage facilities and the backstage arrangements at the Old Vic are poor. I understand him to mean that, while they are no worse than in many commercial theatres, they come nowhere near the standards on which the National Theatre supporters have set their hearts. No one would question this. Mr. Redgrave also says the auditorium is uncomfortable and inadequate. But if, as he suggests, it is too small to exploit any success, so, of course, would be the South Bank project. And that is the only concrete project in existence, and the only one we can talk about. The authorities have endorsed it, and the architectural plans will be implemented the moment the Chancellor of the Exchequer says "Go."

But to return to the rest of Mr. Redgrave's charges. An essential part of my case was that some small part of the £1,000,000 ought to be spent on "improving the equipment and facilities of the theatre." If wardrobe and office accommodation and a warehouse for scenery were provided on one of the bombed sites adjoining the Old Vic, and a comparatively small sum were spent in improving the amenities backstage and in the auditorium, many of Mr. Michael Redgrave's complaints would disappear and the theatre would become functionally far more efficient and less expensive to run. Much of this would no doubt have already been done if there had been money available. I cannot understand his argument that, if the National Theatre is to be housed at the Old Vic, it will show astonishing fluctuations in quality, but that this presumably will not happen if it were housed in a new theatre. I hesitate to question the views of such a distinguished authority, but isn't he really putting far too much emphasis throughout his argument on the mechanics of the theatre and too little on its human content?

Mr. Redgrave does not share my fear that the proposed National Theatre playing classical repertory simultaneously (and almost contiguously) with the Old Vic is likely to result in half-empty houses for both. This, of course, is not capable of proof; but it is surely irrelevant to argue that Sadler's Wells and Covent Garden do not put each other out of business. They are not located within a few hundred yards of

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each other; and while there are dozens of theatres in London, there are only two opera houses. And when he uses the further analogy of the Comédie Française and the Odéon it is necessary to remember that they need and receive a subsidy of £230,000 a year.

That brings me to the other major point which has been advanced against my case. Benn Levy, while supporting my plea for the development of good theatres outside London, says this is not really in conflict with the building of a new theatre in London out of public resources, and that sufficient money ought to be made available for both. Of course it ought to be, but let us be realistic and accept the fact that for many a long day there will not be £2,000,000 a year, the figure he suggests, available to subsidise the British theatre, and it would be folly to base a policy on such a pipe dream. It was only recently that the Government *cut* the subsidy for the national galleries and museums by £30,000, forcing them to close many of their rooms to the public. Let us press for additional expenditure on the drama by all means. Maybe we will achieve some success; but let us not delude ourselves into supposing that there will be £1,000,000 available for capital expenditure on the London theatre (and as Sir Leslie Plummer points out, its cost will probably be double), plus the considerable annual subsidy it is bound to require, plus the substantial capital grants needed by the existing repertory companies, plus their annual subsidies.

Which has first claim? The dubious South Bank scheme or the provincial repertories? And when we think of the latter, let us rather consider them from the angle of those millions of people who live in the provinces and are at present deprived of the good theatre they should and could have.

House of Commons. GEORGE STRAUSS

LAND NATIONALISATION

SIR,—Dr. Orwin proposes that after a certain date the State will be the only buyer of all land coming on to the market. This is not the same as saying that the State has the first option; it imposes an obligation upon the State which it cannot get out of. There are two grave drawbacks to this. In the first place, while not necessarily putting on the State more duties than it can properly carry out, it will certainly give it enough to do, so that it will be unlikely to be able to take over any land that is not actually offered for sale. This means that some land, which in the national interest should be taken over, will still be left in private hands merely because it has not been offered for sale.

The second difficulty is that a considerable amount of land goes on to the market every year in plots of under a hundred acres. Some of this land can conveniently be absorbed by neighbouring estates, while some of the rest of it might be bought by small owner-occupiers who are prepared to work hard to improve their holding. Under Dr. Orwin's scheme neither of these things would happen; instead, the State would be forced to buy a large number of small and widely scattered plots of land, regardless of whether the result would be a greater production of food or not.

In view of these points, I put forward once more the proposal which I made recently in a letter to you—namely, that land should be nationalised on a functional basis. This means that wherever national ownership will lead to an increase in production, the State should have the power to buy compulsorily, whether the land is in fact offered for sale or not, and regardless of whether it is being farmed by a tenant or the owner. H. D. WALSTON

Newton, Nr. Cambridge.

AFRICAN FEDERATION

SIR,—When the Labour Party sought to insert amendments into the Central African Federation Bill, they were subject to much criticism. Sir R. Welensky went so far as to describe the Parliamentary duty of H.M. Opposition as "sabotage." But the only effects of the constant appeals by Huggins, Welensky and others to "give the measures a chance" appear to have fallen on deaf ears. A new political movement has been formed, under the name of the Confederate Party, whose main design appears to be to continue the Federation debate both in provincial and Federal politics, and to continue it entirely on racial lines. Their policy is one of *Apartheid*, more vicious than the one practised by Dr. Malan. The leaders of this movement consist largely of individuals who recently arrived in the country, and who left Britain because they disapproved of a Labour Government, disliked paying high taxation, and resented eating the same rations as everyone else. Their knowledge of the problems confronting the country in general, and the natives in particular, is open to much doubt. Their outlook is reactionary and even, potentially, Fascist. This is a very undesirable Right-wing movement, which will attract elements that can only cause racial strife, and create suspicion and distrust among those who would be better employed in working for the good of the country.

Bromley, S. Rhodesia. J. A. E. RALSTON

JOURNALESE

SIR,—At a distance of six thousand miles I am under handicap as a correspondent, but perhaps you will be indulgent and permit me a belated comment upon Mr. Colin Wills' article "The Decline of Journalese."

It seems to me that Mr. Wills has overlooked the way that all languages grow. Scholars who study a language and know exactly how it ought to be, naturally object to changes; but everyday people, who don't know so much about correctness, are willing to experiment and amuse themselves with new and picturesque and especially shorter ways of saying what they want. Sometimes they are successful, and their new words are adopted into the language and become respectable. I have never looked it up, but I have always had the idea that the lively and vivid phrases which impress us so in Shakespeare were many of them the slang phrases of his time. He dared to use them, and now they are "Shakespeare quotations." "Aye, there's the rub," says Hamlet; and so the scholars spoke of Shakespeare contemptuously. If the scholars had been saying it, it would have read, "There is the consideration which eventuates in such an extension of the existence of calamity."

Mr. Wills selects for reproval what seems to me a quite charming bit of American humour, a headline from our raffish newspaper *Variety*. He weakens it a little by spelling correctly two of the four words. It should read: "STIX NIX HIX PIX." Mr. Wills tells us what this means in the very best scholarly language, *i.e.*, "The country districts of the United States objected to films portraying their citizens as comical rustic figures." There are seventeen words, and I ask in the name of common sense who would speak seventeen words when he can say it in four? Who would write ninety-six letters when he can get along with thirteen, and especially when by the short form the newspaper man not merely causes you to want to read the article, but gives you a hearty chuckle as well?

Monrovia, California UPTON SINCLAIR

"CLUBLAND HEROES"

SIR,—Writing of Sapper, Mr. Maurice Richardson says: "Part of the genesis of Bulldog Drummond was due to a simple case of Adlerian Inferiority Complex. Sapper was, I understand, a near-dwarf."

It is certainly many years since I met Sapper, but my recollection of him is that he looked less like a near-dwarf than a Rugby footballer. He stood, I should guess, about 5ft. 10in., and weighed about 11 stone. He was amused by the success of Bulldog Drummond and had a practical, rather cynical attitude to what he regarded as "this writing business." So he would, I think, much have enjoyed being called a "near-dwarf" and "a simple case of Adlerian Inferiority Complex." "Well, what do you expect?" he would probably have said; "these blokes have got to write *something* for their money."

Bryncrug, Towyn, Mer. N. C. HUMBER

OLIVE SCHREINER

SIR,—I am collecting material for a memorial booklet on the occasion of the first centenary of Olive Schreiner, who was born in 1854, and should be grateful to friends of that great South African woman who could help me by sending me the original or copies of any of her letters, speeches, pamphlets, etc. All material will be treated with the utmost care and returned after perusal. E. S. SACHS.

21 Strutton Ground,
London, S.W.1.

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

SIR,—I am gathering material for a biography of the late Horatio Bottomley, and should very much like to hear from anybody who has any personal reminiscences of him. I am particularly anxious to obtain factual information regarding the first thirty years of Bottomley's life, from 1860 to 1890; but information about his later career will be welcome too.

Any material sent to me will be carefully looked after and promptly returned. JULIAN SYMONS

Badlesmere Lees, Kent.

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Books in General

IN *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph*.* Professor Edgar Johnson of the City College of New York delivers the longest life of Dickens since Forster, in two huge pantechnicon loads of eleven hundred pages each. Forster may have been stiff, set and official in mind; he had his jealousies and was certainly obliged to be discreet; still, he was thorough and was far from being the dull biographer some have made him out to be. But a large amount of material has become available since Forster's time—the publishers mention the 50 volumes of *The Dickensian*, a million words of Dickens's letters in print and three thousand five hundred more documents—and Mr. Johnson has been through the vast amount of critical work as well. The notes and indexes run to dozens of pages, in the American fashion, so that if we want to look up Dickens's Characteristics, as distinct from his life, there is a separate index: Dickens's love of walking, his pets; Music (his enjoyment of), his reserve, restlessness, his games, his fantasy, his sympathies (human) or vigor (physical), we can find the page at once. What we do when we find this information, I am not sure. An irreverent memory of Mr. Gradgrind comes to mind—"Now what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but facts"—as one faces this triumph of biographical technology. What is it for? For making a sort of machine that can speed up the working of other university machines? I do not deny that it is fun to spend hours with an index instead of reading a book, to know at a glance what Dickens thought of canaries and how good he was at the game of Twenty Questions: I do not deny that it is irritating for a reviewer to hunt through half a dozen books badly indexed or not indexed at all, as I have done when reading for this article, but I am glad I did so. It is, in the end, more rewarding to fritter than to file. I discovered one odd fact. I quote from Edmund Wilson's *The Wound and the Bow*:

> [The subject of *Edwin Drood*] is also the subject of Poe's *William Wilson*, the subject of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and the subject of *Dorian Gray*. . . Dostoevsky, who owed so much to Dickens and who was probably influenced by the murder in *Chuzzlewit*, had produced in 1866 a masterpiece on the theme at which Dickens is only just arriving in 1869. Raskolnikov—*raskólnik* means dissenter—combines in his single person the two anti-social types of the deliberate criminal and rebel, which since Hugh in *Barnaby Rudge*, have always been kept distinct by Dickens.

I turn to Professor Johnson:

> He was Dostoevsky's master, for *Crime and Punishment* and *The Brothers Karamazov*, though far greater books than *Barnaby Rudge* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, are tremendously indebted to their studies of murderers and rebels against society. But with John Jasper in 1870, Dickens was approaching those dark and tangled labyrinths of alienation that Dostoevsky explored in Raskolnikov, whose very name means dissenter—

and find no note referring this passage to Mr. Wilson in the text. The omission is not important and indeed there are many references to Mr. Wilson and other distinguished critics of Dickens elsewhere; but in his criticism, Mr. Johnson is one of those fervent Dickensians who assimilate and accumulate what has been done, in a warm, general way and do not add much more than eulogy, emphasis and great length himself. He is a good guide to the general state of Dickensian criticism as it stands now, when the stress is more upon the phases of his violent attacks upon industrial society, the darkening of his mind, his symbolism, rather than upon his comic genius.

As a *Life* spread out in detail, impartial at the well-known crises and subject to no new theories about Dickens's character or the nature of his genius, Mr. Johnson's book is very readable and thorough. Dickens is "a Titan," often wrong, but always a Titan. I do not mean that Mr. Johnson is morally incurious, but that he is ruled by the fundamental notion of the uniqueness of Dickens and his genius. It is, of course, a relief to get away from the knuckle-rapping biographers: from those who so clearly establish Dickens's hypocrisies, his rapacity where money was concerned, his priggish snobbery, his self-pity and sentimentality; from the cosy know-alls who tell us he went to pieces after meeting Ellen Ternan, or—even earlier—when he became rich and lost touch with his early material; from the kind of Marxists who wish to prove that he was almost a Marxist, or the other kind who tell us he was a genteel child of the southern commercial middle-class who knew "the people" only by his eye and ear. These different analyses have their grain of truth; the denigrations are often exact—if one makes the initial mistake of treating Dickens as a member of the intelligentsia and ignores his imagination and genius. In its gross faults, as well as in its virtues, the genius of Dickens resembles in kind that of Balzac: both are extraordinary instances of self-identification—intense, growing and, in Dickens's case, despairing—with their age. Both are moved by the theory of "the dominant passion." Mrs. Carlyle's account of dining at the Dickenses' suggests that it cannot have been so very different from dining at the Forster-Podsnap-Veneerings'. How much of money-hardened Dombey was the novelist? Mr. Johnson sees this entanglement; and does not lose sight—as Taine did and many others have done since—of the variety, depth and radiance of his comic imagination. Belittle this in order to boost his moral indignation, and one reduces Dickens to the very reputable but narrow dimensions of Mrs. Gaskell and Charlotte Brontë. *Hard Times* is a biting piece of social rage and also an interesting biographical document; it reveals the engine of hate that adds its energy to the comic at a certain pitch; but it is a derivative work of talent in the long collection of his works; just as *The Eternal Husband* is in the canon of Dostoevsky.

On the character of Dickens, Mr. Johnson attempts no moral or psychological subtleties, but sticks to the central fact of the unyielding and drastic quality of his will. Never, after the episodes of the blacking factory, the Marshalsea and the failure of his love for Maria Beadnell, would Dickens accept poverty or humiliation. In money matters he went for the last penny. In personal relationships—once out of the early position of disadvantage—he stuck out for absolute domination. The frail, pretty, hurt child turns into the adamant egotist and dandy. His decisiveness is frightening. Does his father turn into a sponge? Dickens rushes his terrified old couple to Devonshire, plants them down in a house, where the broken-down Bohemian reporter may go mad with boredom, but will never be allowed to cause trouble again. When he is engaged to be married, the young Dickens catches his future wife with the sulks; his letter of admonition alarms her into submission at once. (Decisiveness does not indicate good judgment, however: he might have taken warning that surrender does not mean change of character or heart. Mrs. Dickens went on sulking and begging for forgiveness all her life and learned to add pique and jealousy to her repertoire.) His parting with her—that extraordinary scene where he has the door of his dressing room boarded up!—and his defeat of her family whom he forced to a *written* document of surrender; his notorious statement to the press; his drastic despatching of his sons to the colonies, these are the acts of an imaginative man who lives only in himself and who is protecting his imaginative life from petty destroyers. But they also display an over-riding will to action which few imaginative people have.

Dickens was driven by a demon. I may have missed it in Mr. Johnson's pages, but I see no reference to Forster's shrewd judgment that Dickens lived exclusively for the immediate and actual, and that this left him with no resources in times of crisis—except the resource of "going on." Incidentally, Mr. Johnson sees no evidence that Georgina Hogarth had any serpent-like role in the separation. If it seems monstrous that she stayed behind when Mrs. Dickens left, that shows simply how she was dominated as everyone else was. All the same, surely Mr. Johnson's argument that Georgina was years younger than Mrs. Dickens and therefore could hardly assert more power, is a very weak one. The tragic figure is poor, will-less, passive, petulant Mrs. Dickens who had somehow mismanaged her one obvious hold on her husband: her seductiveness. But Dickens, like many imaginative men, was seduced by the *idea* of women; very little, one would say, by their persons. He made it quite clear to Collins that he was no amorist: he worked too hard for that career to attract him.

Mr. Johnson has striven to say everything and to get everything in, even long summaries and evaluations of the novels as they appear. He does succeed here in showing Dickens as a tragically injured and growing mind. What he does not indicate is that there has been and still is a violent confusion of critical judgment on these works. A novel like *Our Mutual Friend* has been called the best of Dickens, but other reputable critics have thought it the worst. The same may be said of *Edwin Drood*. Large areas of *Little Dorritt*—which Shaw admired for political reasons—are intolerable. In theory, we swallow the showman; but, in fact, as we read, we ask at what point the identification with society can become a betrayal of the artist. Did Dickens ask himself this at the time when his

* *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph.* By EDGAR JOHNSON. Gollancz. 2 Vols. £3 10s.

taste for acting and the readings started? Was Ellen Ternan a symptom, not a cause? Were the readings undertaken merely to pay for Gad's Hill? Were they an ascent into megalomania? Or was Dickens, in fact, attempting to recover the lost vocation of the artist in them? He was not a man who knew himself well; introspection became literature too quickly; certain short stories, as Mr. Johnson says, show him to have been tragically bewildered about his own nature.

It is curious to realise that, in his social life, Dickens was a great entertainer, but not a great talker. His personal spell was in his gaiety, his play-acting, and—very surprising—in his gift of listening to others. One had imagined him always talking. Another interesting fact is that he used every mood, every incident in his life, in his work. Other writers wait and accumulate; he transcribed every hour, every state of mind, exhaustively. Rarely, however, does one see him in a comic situation himself. I found only one in this *Life* which has the authentic note of Dickensian farce. It occurs when he is hypnotising Madame de la Rue in Genoa, in order to cure her of certain delusions, and is obliged to stop because of Mrs. Dickens's jealousy. Earnestly Dickens sets out to teach the slow-minded and decorous husband, M. de la Rue, the mysteries of mesmerism so that he can continue the treatment himself. One imagines the solemn, farcical scene in the Genoese hotel. And yet, even in this, Dickens was at his life-long game of turning private humiliation into fantastic comedy. A large part of that comedy is inspired observation based on the old doctrine of Fielding that truth to nature supplies the ridiculous; but another part came from what cannot be forgiven.

V. S. PRITCHETT

MISTRAL

She went out, for a moment she said—
But he lay down in the wind,
Asked it to tell him what loss it was bringing;
And their son cried "My father is dead"
But he with staring eyes still lay, and ringing
The wind made words on the bells
Which spoke in his head:
"Tell your son that his mother has sinned
And his father is dead."

She stooped to him, stroked him, "O do not lie there
In the wind, come in by the fire,
The bells speak lies to part us,
Come in from there." But she fled in fear;
And the bells rang thus:
"He will not rise, he will not rise, unless she tells
Where she goes in the mistral, where,
And the story of her whole desire
For the wind in her hair."

The air became still, and the words he had heard
Became her surprise:
"Where have I been, that my breath
Comes so fast? Has the mistral stirred
The bells to speak of death?
The wind is winged and beaked, it taps on the bells
Always a lying word.
My son, why with such frightened eyes
Do you stare at me, as if to realise
That I myself am the mistral-bird?"

MARTIN SEYMOUR-SMITH

"ENG. LIT."

The Modern Writer and His World By G. S. FRASER. *Derek Verschoyle.* 16s.

The Japanese have brought a lot on themselves since Pearl Harbour. This book, written in 1950 in Japan for "Japanese students of English literature," is not a dangerous bomb, nor is it an experiment in forcible Western culture-feeding. But it is an odd book all the same: ambitious, brave, intermittently excellent, it gallops across the last fifty years of "Eng. Lit."—ideas, novel, drama, poetry, criticism—with an energy, resource and confidence that have to be admired. It does not ignore the danger of running together definition, criticism and narrative—the obvious danger that you will neither define, nor criticise, nor even properly narrate. It charges straight through and comes out alive, but not without damage.

Mr. Fraser covers so much ground so quickly that the damage is not always spotted except as an uneasy feeling. On page 198 he has reached Georgian poetry and he says:

> Edward Thomas's is perhaps completely typical of what we mean by Georgian verse, but to conform to type quite so completely is surely to be individual; for perhaps when we describe some poem as "typically Georgian," what we mean at the back of our minds is, "It reminds one of Edward Thomas."

I do not have this at the back of my mind when thinking of Georgian poetry. As a contribution towards "getting a literary scene into perspective" (Mr. Fraser's avowed aim) his remark seems to me incorrect; as a piece of criticism unfair, unless you add (as he does not) that Edward Thomas was a sensitive, meditative, original poet whose gently personal voice had little in common with that smooth, dubious rusticity, well defined by Mr. Gavin Ewart:

> We've given up the Georgian poets—teaching
> dance bands how to croon,
> Bicycling in coloured goggles underneath a pallid
> moon . . .

That typifies, and has given a bad name to, Georgian poetry.

Mr. Fraser could say that he has eschewed the giving of advice. The horse he rides is not, he says, his own judgment, but that of "most people"—"critics of an older generation, certain friends of one's own generation, whose judgment one respects." I think this was a mistake. It might have been an interesting mistake, if Mr. Fraser had really tried to analyse this respected collective judgment. But all he does is to brandish its reactionary shibboleths—"generalised anxiety of our time," need to preserve "the best elements" of tradition—and lay them across the wincing backs of individual writers, whom he then further punishes by labelling as "writers like Yeats and Joyce," "poets like Stephen Spender." His reliance is so unquestioning that, though he has "not read Lawrence's own *Lady Chatterley's Lover*," his impression of it "from what my friends tell me is that it is an artistic failure." And later: "*Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the frankest of his novels from this point of view, is by no means his best one. Indeed, it is perhaps his worst."

This alarming use of the judgment of respected friends is betrayed less sensationally, but not less tiresomely, by the wads of padding in which Mr. Fraser smothers many passages of perceptive criticism. He has to give us that old tale about the "most subtle effects of irony" achieved by Eliot in *The Waste Land* by writing in lines of earlier poets. Then comes his own good sentence:

> and so we are to contrast Marvell's grave seducer, for whom the thought of death and judgment gives a finer edge to passion, and on the other hand the simple lyricism of the Day passage (and yet Actæon will be torn to pieces by the hounds for his presumption) with the slack immunity with which Sweeney, the modern unheroic equivalent of Marvell and Actæon, pursues his sordid "love-life."

"Slack immunity" is refreshing, because Mr. Fraser does not often strike a phrase. Then he has to spoil it. "Sweeney," he egregiously adds, "lacks both the sense of sin and the sense of Nemesis, and therefore he has no bright awareness of beauty." Really? The judgment of respected friends, or perhaps the conscientious effort to remember and reproduce it, has given Mr. Fraser's book an ambiguous flavour and texture, like a sandwich fresh and tasty inside but made with very stale bread.

Its more useful findings spring from a quality of original common sense, compounded of sympathy, severity and intelligence. It is quite a relief when Mr. Fraser questions Lawrence's well-known distinction between "obscenity" and "pornography" on the simple ground that "young readers . . . may often derive an improper and unhealthy excitement from the detailed description of sexual episodes"; or asserts that unexpurgated Henry Miller is banned "for perfectly sound reasons"; or defends the "frantic individualism" of suburban houses that are "very charming in their way with their trees, their pure air, the riot of flowers in the gardens, and the odd contrasts of the various building styles." This is the voice which has been distinct and valuable in Mr. Fraser's poetry and occasional criticism. It is valuable here. A sketch of English suburban life, entertaining in itself, is justified as preparing for, and strengthening, a first-rate analysis of "suburban domestic drama" from Goldsmith to Dodie Smith; Mr Fraser's touch on the increasing decadence of its function—"to dissipate a sense of inner emptiness and fatigue"—is light, original and sinister.

Novelists also seem to release him from the strain of remembering the anxious verdicts "of our time." It was worth raising an eyebrow at Dr. Leavis for sticking Conrad into the Great (English) Tradition, worth saying that Christopher Isherwood has a much better "style" than Graham Greene. Good things are said about Galsworthy; a quick comment on Nigel Balchin is profound and surprising. The personal punch is free and vigorous in Mr. Fraser's last section, "Trends of Criticism." This is thorough, it breaks a lot of ground, and offers rewarding perspectives. It happily hits off some of the lesser great—Bagehot, Saintsbury, Belloc, Pound, Middleton Murry—and measures the grittier and greater—Arnold, Eliot, Empson, Leavis. There is a particularly pleasing comment on Mr. Murry's "reconstitutions" of Christianity and Communism.

> These new creeds were rather like the chassis of an expensive motor-car from which the engine had been quietly removed; they were comfortable to sit in, but would not get you anywhere.

What sort of subject is modern English literature? Is it gloomy or funny, dignified or trivial? "It is time for the destruction of error." That saying of Mr. Auden used to be taken seriously; and taking it seriously meant having no truck with "escapists." There was only a grudging nod for Mr. de la Mare. Things have changed. Mr. Fraser recalls Auden's "absence during the war," tells us that Roy Campbell "fought bravely as a common soldier" for General Franco. One thing has not changed: a magnificence in the English language, recurrently breaking into extraordinary music. It has broken out in Auden. Wilfrid Owen, Hardy, T. S. Eliot, Yeats. Lesser writers have contributed a smaller (often beautiful and vital) share. But that is why, in English literature, they are lesser.

I do not find any governing sense of magnificence in *The Modern Writer and His World*. This is modern English literature, yes, after a fashion: the workmanlike fashion of 1950, carefully neutral between the serious and the funny, the gloomy and the cheerful view. Mr. Fraser even finds it necessary to discuss the circumstantial difficulties of the post-war writer—his thwarted need for "the odd six months of almost complete isolation and security." Surely it is time for the destruction of that dismal excuse. Gloom, yes; there is plenty to be gloomy about; and I wish Mr. Fraser had decided to be wholeheartedly gloomy, as he seems really to feel when not protesting. That would have been more reassuring than this brochure for a Garden City of literature, oddly scaled down with its pictures of amenities and its tributes to leading denizens. It might even have been more useful to the Japanese.

GILES ROMILLY

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WORDS AND POLITICS

The Vocabulary of Politics. By T. D. WELDON. *Penguin Books.* 2s.

Mr. Weldon is such a pleasantly ingenuous writer and has written such an ingenuous book that one feels it to be almost ill-natured and ill-mannered to subject it to the tests of reason, accuracy, and common sense. He starts off with the exciting promise that he is going to show us that all the great writers on politics and political science from Plato to Mr. Weldon (including the former, but excluding the latter) have been wrong, fundamentally wrong. After 144 pages of demonstration, having convinced himself that he has performed this feat and as a by-product destroyed "the supposed foundations of democratic political institutions," he innocently remarks that many of his readers will no doubt be shocked by this terrific iconoclasm and then with the utmost kindness attempts to soothe our "alarm and despondency."

Mr. Weldon is unnecessarily tender-hearted (and for such a whale of an iconoclast surely inappropriately). It is difficult to believe that even the most mouse-like of Pelican readers will lose his political faith by reading Mr. Weldon's book. He is much more likely to find, even before page 144, that Mr. Weldon's confusion of mind is so infectious that he no longer knows whether anything has ever meant or will ever again mean anything to him. (Perhaps, after all, that is the "alarm and despondency" which Mr. Weldon modestly anticipates.) For, if anything about Mr. Weldon is shocking, it is not his thought, but his confusion of thought. For a Fellow of an Oxford College, a Tutor of philosophy, and the writer of a book which deals with the relation between the use of words and political beliefs, he is surprisingly slipshod in his own use of words and his own thought. For instance, on page 137 he tells us that the statements "everything is matter" and "everything is mind" are alike meaningless since there is no way of proving them true or false, and therefore Marxist foundations are "metaphysical and empty." The mind reels before the confusion of this argument. No proposition is meaningless merely because it is not possible to prove either that it is true or that it is false. There are many propositions, not only full of meaning, but also of considerable importance, the truth or falsity of which cannot be proved. Secondly, it may well be that Marxist foundations are "worthless," but it is simply muddle-headedness to think that you have proved them worthless by calling them vague names like "metaphysical" and "empty."

Mr. Weldon's use of words is very queer. He loves words like "empty" and "vacuous," and he has the ingenuous notion that by calling a proposition "vacuous" you prove that it has no truth or no importance in it. Indeed, he lays it down that it "is almost if not completely vacuous" to say that anything is important, for instance, the statement that "it is important that all children should learn to read and write" is, according to him, so vacuous as to be "almost without significance." Or take his argument on page 97 to prove that the "foundations of democracy" are metaphysical nonsense. He states four propositions which he alleges are "roughly" the foundations of democracy. In the first place he has chosen the most rickety foundations he could lay his hands on, and in the second place they are not even metaphysical. Having in this way ingeniously and ingenuously queered the pitch for democracy and the democrat he informs us that the conclusions to which the argument contained in the propositions leads "are either vacuous or highly disputable and not at all self-evident." In other words, anything which Mr. Weldon calls vacuous or which is not self-evident can be dismissed. As he says himself in the next sentence, the objection to democracy is not that the statements of its foundations are false—indeed they may be true—but they are not statements at all and they are not rules. The mind at this point staggers under the impact of Mr. Weldon's logic and vocabulary.

Mr. Weldon's use of the English language is often very odd. For example, he will write of some questions that "they are so difficult and complicated that easy answers to them are unhelpful and no answer is anything like incorrigible." One wonders how many of his readers will puzzle through to an incorrigible answer to the question: "What does Mr. Weldon mean by 'anything like incorrigible?'" He may or may not be helped to a not unhelpful answer by finding on page 170 that Mr. Weldon says that "if appraisals are empirical judgments, 'infallible appraisals' and 'incorrigible appraisals' are contradictions." I can just or very nearly understand what Mr. Weldon intended to say in these sentences, and it may seem unfair to him to make such a pother about his vocabulary and sentences, but surely a writer who publishes a book dealing so critically with the way that political thinkers have used words should himself be a little clearer, a little more careful, in the use of them.

There are, as in most books of this kind, true and useful statements and arguments in Mr. Weldon's volume, but they are buried under a mass of half-baked half-truths. That Mr. Weldon's cake should come out of the oven so flat and with so few plums in it was inevitable when he set out with the boast that he was going to prove every one wrong. It is as simple-minded to believe that there is some "fundamental" fallacy in the thinking of all previous political thinkers as to believe that there is some panacea for all diseases from megalomania to a cold in the head. The moment you pledge yourself to prove that Plato suffered from a fundamental error which he shared with Rousseau and Kant, you have sooner or later to distort what in fact Plato said. This is what Mr. Weldon, no doubt quite unconsciously, does. There is a great deal to be said against Plato, his philosophy and his political theories, but it is simply not true to say of the author of *The Laws* and *The Republic* that in his view "important discoveries could be made about human conduct and human institutions by means of pure thought divorced from observation." And it seems to me "vacuous," if not childish, to say of the author of those two wrong-headed, but supremely intelligent, masterpieces of experience and theory that "he never wavered in his belief that deductive theorizing was the only human activity which was perfectly respectable and appropriate to a gentleman."

LEONARD WOOLF

SCENES OF MILITARY LIFE

Appointment in Crete. By A. M. RENDEL. *Allan Wingate.* 15s.

Jungle Green. By ARTHUR CAMPBELL. *Allen & Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

War digs its roots deep and spreads its branches wide. For fifteen years past all of us, whether dons, mechanics, bricklayers or accountants, have been sucked out of our native soil and scattered in every unlikely corner of the world to do unfamiliar jobs under conditions of primitive discomfort and danger. Civilisation softens and urbanises us, replacing our horses by underground trains, our skills in hunting and digging by a taste for the ballet or for football pools; yet at any moment, having deprived us of our physical capital, she may, Mephistophelean, present her bill and send us to live and die in a savage wilderness at the world's end.

This is the situation which both Mr. Rendel and Major Campbell describe in their books: the scattering of Englishmen to the mountains of Crete or the jungles of Malaya and their painful and successful adaptation to hardships for which nothing in their lives has prepared them. The types of Englishmen with which they deal are widely different. *Appointment in Crete*, an account of Mr. Rendel's life as a British agent during the war, is a good work in the tradition made familiar by Julian Amery and Fitzroy Maclean in the recent war, by T. E. Lawrence in the last. Byron is the patron saint of these versatile, independent and courageous spirits for whom regimental life, with its football matches and adjutants' parades and the back numbers of *Sport and Country* in the Mess, is merely an extension of the ennui of peace. In private life scholars, travellers or journalists, no rut detains them long. Happily they escape from units embarrassed by their presence, to wrap themselves in a *burnous* or a peasant's hood and lead in deserts or mountain caves a hard and healthy life seasoned with the thrills of hunting and the terrors of being hunted. The contrasts of their existence, the rapid alternation of silk sheets with rock floors, of repletion with starvation, is the breath of their being. Aristocrats, they accept luxury or squalor; only the humdrum is more than they can bear.

Mr. Rendel describes his life as an outlaw simply and objectively, without dramatic distortion. He makes very clear a point which books of this type tend to obscure—that the work of the British was merely ancillary to a sturdy native movement of independence in which we were accepted as *bona fide* allies; and he writes with charity both of the Germans and—what is even rarer—of his superiors in Cairo. The British Army uses its irregulars as intelligently as the Roman Church, which allows its fanatics to found new preaching orders. We are shown how this cloak-and-dagger department fitted in to the general activity of the Middle East; how it was provided with supplies—dehydrated carrots, Army pants, mines disguised as camel-dung—and how it passed its information. We are lucky that Mr. Rendel survived to write this agreeable and impressive book; a tendency to confuse cyanide pills with raisins made it a near thing.

Jungle Green is yet more impressive and considerably less agreeable: to read it is not a pleasure but a bitter duty. It deals not with the adventurous exceptions but with the ordinary run-of-the-mill conscripts, young men from cosy suburbs who have been chosen by the fortunes of war to carry out in Malaya "duties in aid of the civil power": the hunting and capture of Communist guerrillas. Major Campbell is a regular soldier who shares with such predecessors as Rifleman Harris the ability to describe hardship and horror without a trace of self-pity. The sufferings which he and his men endured, and presumably are still enduring, were continuous, intense and, for the most part, unrewarding. Every form of discomfort combines in the jungle: stinging insects, fœtid heat and clammy cold, deep swamps and violent rivers, fever, hunger, physical danger from the enemy and, perhaps worst of all, the claustrophobic oppression of imprisonment in thick undergrowth through which even by day little light could pierce—and much of the patrolling took place at night. Somehow men from England have to be knocked into the physical and mental shape to endure such a life, to treat the jungle as their native habitat and meet the guerrillas on their own terms, and Major Campbell shows clearly and grimly how this is being done.

The chief flaw in the book is one which will guarantee its success as a best-seller. To reduce experience to coherent form without distortion is the basic problem facing any memoir writer, and here the form is suspiciously coherent. One suspects, lurking in the background, the figure of someone who knows the literary ropes and has licked the work into shape. Long conversations are reported in *oratio recta*; the plot centres round the pursuit of a bandit chief who is caught on the last page, having killed the best man under the author's command; and whatever the book gains in readability by this, it loses in conviction. Nor does Major Campbell emerge quite unscathed from the ordeals he so brilliantly describes. Massacre and violence are described with a little too much gusto. He asked a police officer how much the trial of a bandit cost and received the answer that "a very rough estimate would run at well over £2,000. I added in the cost in time and trouble of the witnesses. The total gave me food for thought. A bullet costs 1½*d*."

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It must be practically impossible to write a biography of Aneurin Bevan which is entirely boring and dull. But to say so is not to deny that Mr. Vincent Brome has had a jolly good shot at it. For a writer who has chosen such a political field, he seems unexpectedly unversed in the subtleties of Left-wing politics, and his political judgements are thus somewhat lacking in authority. In his pursuit of new material on Bevan's public life one may deduce from this book that he wrote for assistance to a handful of public men, some of whom (like W. J. Brown and Fenner Brockway) replied, while others (like Sir Winston Churchill) did not; also that he inquired at the Ministry of Health whether Bevan's private secretary liked his chief, and was told he did. Otherwise, the political sources seem to be in the main the most obvious of the published documents. Mr. Brome's original researches into Bevan's private life and early history are shown to have consisted, at any rate, of an interview with Bevan's aged mother, some unspecified (but clearly brief) contact with his brother, a conversation or two with Miss Jennie Lee and at least one forty-minute interview with Bevan himself. He seems also to have asked a number of questions in the town of Tredegar, but did not, apparently, get very helpful answers.

This book, in fact, contains nothing profound, virtually nothing new, a good deal which is pretentious and silly, a certain amount of inaccuracy, and (as it will surely strike other readers) a streak of unctuous malice, unbecoming in such a shoddy biographer. It is saved from being a total travesty by Bevan himself, who comes through from time to time in his own words with a clarity which Mr. Brome cannot wholly obscure, and by the bare bones of the story, which is romantic enough to lift Mr. Brome just within the bounds of the generalization with which this notice opens.

JOHN FREEMAN

NEW NOVELS

The Best of Husbands. By ALBA DE CÉSPEDES. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Heart in Exile. By RODNEY GARLAND. *W. H. Allen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Vain Ambitions. By ROBERT GAINES. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Man and Two Gods. By JEAN MORRIS. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the absence of any obvious order of merit into which these novels fall, shall we begin with sex, and first, in *The Best of Husbands*, the sex war? "We do not suggest," writes Mr. Gollancz's blurbist, in his expansive way, "that the author is another Flaubert or another Ibsen, or anything remotely like that"; and how glad one is that he hasn't suggested it. For if the heroine Alessandra's mother, who herself died for love, had not read and completely misunderstood *Madame Bovary*, Alessandra's own tragedy might have been averted. That is not Signorina de Céspedes's moral, but it seems to me the only one the reader can draw. *The Best of Husbands* is a perfect example of Bovaryism, the more complete because it is told in the first person. Alessandra is brought up to believe that the male of the human species is a great big insensitive brute interested in women for One Thing only—You Know What—and, dreaming of a great love and the marriage of true minds, she finds that this is so even when she marries an apparently sensitive and liberal-minded professor. Having got her safely married, what happens? He doesn't call her "My Queen," but just says, "Be reasonable, my dear" and goes back to his work with the Italian resistance movement; and the Allied armies having released him from the prison in which the Germans have put him, he's not at all impressed when Alessandra tells him how she withstood seduction in his absence. Just what she ought to have done is his opinion; but he learns better when she shoots him in the back.

This novel, then, is the uninhibited expression of the demand for romantic love. The heroine's attitude—and it seems to be the author's too, since Alessandra is presented quite uncritically—is summed up in the bitter words:

> She had let a man come to her game room, but she had never slept all night behind a man's back. And there is the whole difference between a woman with a lover and one with a husband.

To this great big male brute reviewer, ignorant as he is of what goes on in game rooms, that seems nonsense. Its implications are not in accord with common experience. If, after making love, a couple does not disembrace and turn over, which may well mean the man sleeping behind the woman's back, then after six or seven hours one of them is going to find himself in the condition known in casualty wards when it happens to drunks as "Saturday-night paralysis." This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory of romantic love, but it seems to me the theory as a whole squares hardly any more with observed reality. Alessandra, though her author seems unaware of it, is the pathetic victim of a delusion. The novel, which appears to be very well translated, contains interesting glimpses of lower middle-class life in Rome before and during the war.

Heart in Exile presents a problem of its own. Shortly, it might be described as a *vade-mecum* to the homosexual life of London. It is written with great competence. The narrator is a medical psychologist—a homosexual—who is investigating the suicide of a man he has once been in love with; the novel is a pretty successful fusion of documentary and detection; and since the narrator is a doctor the author is given legitimate opportunities to put the latest theories about homosexuality, its causes, possible cures and prevalence. *The Heart in Exile* is a propaganda work, a plea for the greater understanding and tolerance of homosexuals. With all this one may sympathise; and yet the problem remains: how is one to treat homosexuals in fiction? Take the case of the wretched suicide in this novel. Upper class, distinguished war career, lawyer: his foible is falling in love with working-class boys; who, unfortunately, under his influence start sounding their aitches, learn posh table manners, dress in more restrained clothes and generally turn themselves into nice middle-class young men; and when this happens he is disillusioned once again and falls out of love, to their considerable dismay. Now this situation, however heart-rending for the homosexual, is surely intrinsically comic, and no amount of sympathy for the unfortunate victim can disguise the comedy. I suggest, then, that in most fictions, apart from novels of special pleading, the only possible satisfactory rendering of the subject—or of any other perversion—is in terms of comedy. Comedy doesn't enter into Mr. Garland's novel. I must admit I should have been happier about it if the narrator hadn't been so infernally knowing, so dreadfully impeccable in his taste. . . . For a time I tried to read one of Céline's wartime novels . . ." Which?

From sex to infantile trauma and adult treachery. *The Vain Ambitions* in style and attitude is very much Graham Greene, period *It's a Battlefield* and *England Made Me*. The time is roughly the present, with a Labour Government falling because its Left Wing has betrayed it, while its central character, the great trade union leader, Edward Gillman, is betraying it with the Tories in the hope of becoming head of the Coal Board and getting a peerage. But Gillman is betrayed in turn by circumstances: his scientist son is sacked from Harwell for having roomed at Oxford with a physicist who gave the Russians the secret of the atom bomb, and his scorned and neglected wife commits suicide. And when,

under the Tory Government he's serving, industrial warfare breaks out, it is not Gillman who saves England from the general strike the Communists and the Labour Left are engineering but the man he hates, the saintly ex-Prime Minister, whose death while addressing the workers in Hyde Park sobers the country into industrial peace. Despite the debt to Mr. Greene, *The Vain Ambitions* is quite an achievement. Mr. Gaines does convincingly suggest a thoroughly conceivable political situation and this without having written anything like a *roman à clef*. The seediness of it all, the spiritual squalor and the reduction of the causes of human suffering and human ambition to single decisive emotional wounds in early childhood, seem to me to be grotesquely overdone, so that at times *The Vain Ambitions* reads almost like a parody. Yet there are very good things in it, the scenes of violence especially, such as the riot in Hyde Park. These lead one to think that Mr. Gaines may write something of real value as soon as he decides to be himself.

Man and Two Gods is a restatement, or a re-interpretation, of the Orestes myth. Richard Bering, a Montagnard staff-officer, is sentenced to death for murder when, during army manoeuvres, he shoots in the course of duty a Transmontane spy: when war with the Transmontane Republic breaks out a few weeks later he is reprieved and awarded the highest Montagnard decoration for preventing vital military information reaching the enemy. He cannot reconcile to himself these diametrically opposed assessments of his act and deserts from the Army. A novel on the nature of justice: how one would like to praise it. Yet, when one has said that it's carefully written, what remains? Miss Morris's two imaginary European countries are very thinly rendered, names without local habitations, and her characters are lifeless except in the most superficial way. The problem she has stated remains abstract for lack of flesh and blood.

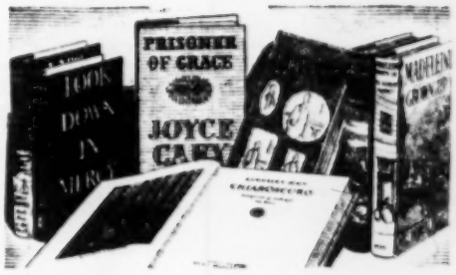
WALTER ALLEN

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Now that the equinoctial gale of LPs is raging once again, I think it well to repeat a warning that I have issued before—namely, that pressure on space compels me to pass over in silence new records of standard music that seem to me either poor in quality or inferior to recently recommended versions of the same. It is impossible to be absolutely consistent in this respect, however, and, while continuing to cover the ground as best I can, I must ask the indulgence of readers, and of the companies, for the general failure of this column to be as comprehensive as I should like to make it.

Orchestral. HAYDN: Symphony No. 104; SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 2 (Boston SO/Münch. §G.ALP1061). This is now the best available version of Haydn's last symphony, but it cannot be highly recommended, for the conducting is lifeless, the tone uncomfortable and stodgy. The reverse is in every respect inferior to the Pittsburg issue (Capitol). FRANCK: Symphony (Radiodiffusion Orch/Cluytens. §.33CX1064). This is an intelligently conducted account of an unsatisfactory symphony, but in I and III it has not the *élan* of the Monteux version (H.M.V.) and, except in II, the tuttis are raucous and muddy. Readers are, however, reminded that the H.M.V. version is marred (not intolerably) by some queer little recording faults in the slow movement. GOLDMARK: Rustic Wedding Symphony (RPO/Beecham. **§C.33CX1067). This good-natured, Smetana-like work, by the composer of a famous opera on the subject of the Queen of Sheba, was well worth reviving. The sunny, melodious movements are scored in a delightfully open manner; they are affectionately played and beautifully recorded. RUBBRA: Symphony No. 5 (Hallé Orch/Barbirolli. §G.BLP1021). The recording of this impressive work has been improved in the transfer to LP; but, though the disc can be recommended for the sake of the music, the tone quality still seems to me far from ingratiating. BRAHMS: Serenade No. 1, D major, Op. 11 (Concert Hall SO/Swoboda. §N.CLP-1087). The two Serenades date from Brahms's early, Detmold period. They are obviously the work of a very gifted youth, and they contain many touches of the mature composer; but, compared with the later symphonies, they are long-winded and unimaginative. No. 1 is here rather heavily played, and the acoustic is dry; but the disc can be recommended to those who want a recording of this rarely heard piece. SCRIABIN: *Le poème de l'ecstase;* LOEFFLER: *A Pagan Poem* (Paris Phil. Orch./Rosenthal. *§Cap.CTL7033). It really was time we had a new recording of Scriabin's best orchestral work. The elaborate score is very well played, solidly and spaciously recorded, though the brass is too backward and many woodwind solos are lost. Charles Martin Loeffler was an Alsatian who spent most of his life in America. His position in the history of American music is about as important as that of Macdowell. He may well have written better things than the *Pagan Poem*, which were best forgotten. More lavishly scored even than the *Poème de l'ecstase*, though much less expertly, it is the kind of music that is written by the composer-hero of a film. Nothing is omitted that might seduce our ears—not even a stormy piano obbligato, scarcely ever silent; but the whole adds up to precisely nothing. The performance and recording are similar to those on the reverse, and it is nobody's fault except Loeffler's if the piece proves self-defeating. BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 2, B flat major (Solomon/Philharmonia/Cluytens. **§G.BLP1024). By the magic of an immaculate style Solomon manages to interest us continuously in what is admittedly an inferior piece of music. Beautifully recorded, this disc is in every way better than the dull Backhaus version (Decca). RAVEL: Piano Concerto; *Concerto for the left hand only (Blancard/Suisse Romande Orch./Ansermet. §LXT2816). Both sides of this disc are preferable to the earlier Decca issue of the same coupling. Jacqueline Blancard is a most efficient pianist, but sensibility does not seem her strong point (the Lento of the Piano Concerto is played without tenderness), and the orchestral parts in both works need more brilliancy than Ansermet achieves. But as interim versions these will pass muster. STRAUSS: Symphony for wind instruments, Op. posth. (London Baroque Ensemble. **§P.PMA1006). This chatterbox piece was written at different times during the composer's last years—a fact which may explain its undue length. Compositions for wind alone often seize up in the middle parts; this does not, owing to Strauss's demoniacally clever technique, but the material is shop-soiled and the harmony obstinately mellifluous. Yet we must be grateful to the L.B.E. for letting us hear the work, and in a really wonderful performance, of which the recording is excellently balanced. NIELSEN: Violin Concerto (Menuhin/Danish Radio SO/Wöldike. §G.BLP1025). This work plays into the hands of those who would have us believe that Nielsen is a composer of purely local interest. Yet it can sound better than it does here: the orchestral part is admirable in style, and well recorded, but Menuhin plays the solo as if it were by Saint-Saens, with a squeaky tone, sentimental exaggerations, and technical insecurity that we are unused to from him. BEETHOVEN: Six Minuets (London Baroque Ensemble. **P.SW8149-50). These charming little pieces were published in 1796. Six minuets on end might seem too many, but the tunes are so good, and the texture so cunningly varied, that interest does not flag. The fill-up is a Gavotte in G minor by Dvorak, composed in 1890, originally for three violins. The performances are limpid, the recording exemplary. Also highly recommended: SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 2 (LSO/Collins. **§D.LXT2815); TCHAIKOVSKY: Swan Lake and Sleeping Beauty—Ballet Suites (Philharmonia/Karajan. **§C.33CX1065).

Chamber Music and Piano. HAYDN: String Quartets, Op. 64, No. 5; Op. 76, No. 4 (Budapest Qt. §C.33CX1061). Technically, the Budapest are a fine ensemble, as can be judged from their play-



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ing of the quick movements in these lovely quartets. What is conspicuously lacking is beauty of tone—especially in the leader, whose intonation, too, is not faultless. The recording is no more than adequate. NIELSEN: Wind Quintet, Op. 43; BOZZA: Variations on a free theme; IBERT: Three short pieces (Copenhagen Wind Quintet. §D.LXT2803). The Quintet by Nielsen is one of his masterpieces—humorous, quixotic, beautifully written; but readers are advised to get acquainted with it via the excellent SP set (H.M.V. Special Order), for the LP recording is very ill balanced and the playing sounds lumpish. The pieces by Ibert and Eugene Bozza are harmless but insipid. BEETHOVEN: Diabelli Variations (Katchen. **§D.LXT2804). This extraordinary work, which embodies a lifetime's discoveries in the sphere of pianistic writing, can be endlessly boring if not played with delicate imagination and a flawless technique. I can find nothing to criticise in Julius Katchen's performance, which combines immaculate dexterity with lyrical feeling. It is splendidly recorded, and the surface mutter is not loud enough to detract seriously from the profound pleasure to be derived from the issue. BEETHOVEN: Sonatas, *F minor ("Appassionata"); C major ("Waldstein") (Gieseking. §C.33CX1055). A few shortcomings (the first movement would have more momentum if the phrases were not so broken up; the dynamic range of the Andante seems too wide for the calm between two storms) do not prevent this from being a very fine account of the Appassionata—in fact, the best now available on disc. Gieseking's old SP version of the Waldstein was treasurable, but this one is not: the first movement is scurried along mercilessly, the second is without its nocturnal mystery. Only in the Finale does this great pianist display his magic touch. The recording, excellent in the Appassionata, is distinctly less good in the Waldstein. SCHUMANN: *Faschingsschwank aus Wien;* BRAHMS: Waltzes, Op. 39 (Weisz. *§D.LXT4063). A pleasant record. Robert Weisz seems a very correct pianist, agreeably lacking in modish violence or haste, but without much personality. Aided by an excellent recording, he makes the most of the Schumann suite, except perhaps in the Intermezzo, where the triplets are uneven. The Brahms waltzes sound unexceptionable, but not very alluring. SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE KEYBOARD MUSIC (Blumenthal. **§D.LXT2805). This programme of eighteenth-century sonatas and toccatas in the style of Scarlatti is most attractively played by Felicja Blumenthal. Though of minor importance, these little works are far from dull or colourless, and the piano tone is very well caught. Also recommended: DEBUSSY: *Masques* and *La terrasse des auditences du clair de lune* (Rubinstein. *G.DB21589); MENDELSSOHN: Songs without words (Loveridge. *C.DX1880).

Vocal. DONIZETTI: *L'elisir d'amore*—complete opera (Carosio / Monti / Gobbi / Luise / Rome Opera Chorus and Orch./Santini. *§G.ALP-1067-8). Musically unequal to *Don Pasquale*, *L'elisir* is nevertheless full of beguiling things. Nicola Monti makes a very musical Nemorino, phrasing beautifully and singing soft (o wonder!) on high notes, while Italo Tajo characterizes the doctor cleverly without overdoing it. As Belcore, Tito Gobbi is disappointing: a loud, styleless assumption. Margherita Carosio's voice now sounds tiny, and she too often sings flat; but her delivery is neat and *espiègle*. The orchestra is excellent and comfortably balanced, but there is a good deal of distortion towards the end of side 4, which is very long. SCHUBERT: Song recital (Schwarzkopf/Fischer. *§C.33CX1040). I feel it only fair to star this record because, apart from an admirable recording, Mme Schwarzkopf sings so affectingly and with real beauty of tone, in the quieter and more lyrical songs (*An die Musik, Im Frühling, An Sylvia, Auf dem Wasser zu singen, Nachtviolen*); also because Edwin Fischer contributes some characteristic felicities and elsewhere shows himself a discreet accompanist. It must, however, be added that in the dramatic songs (*Wehmuth, Die junge Nonne, Gretchen am Spinnrade*) the singer is distinctly less at home; displaying a coy and breathy style that also mars her rendering of *Das Lied im Grünen*. TCHAIKOVSKY: *Romeo and Juliet*—Duet; GOUNOD: *Roméo et Juliette*—Duet, act 4 (Fenn/Manton/Los Angeles Orch. Society/Waxman. §Cap.-CTL7034). The Tchaikovsky duet is the posthumous fragment of an uncomposed opera, completed by Taneiev, who added an introduction and coda drawn from the Concert Overture of the same name. Mr. Waxman has gone one better, adding a further chunk of the Overture to Taneiev's introduction. The result, not surprisingly, is unsatisfactory; but the duet contains some charming pages—notably those which utilise the D flat major theme from the Overture. Jean Fenn and Raymond Manton sing nicely, if rather insecurely, on both sides of the disc; but the orchestral part is crudely played and the recording very ill managed. BEETHOVEN: *Fidelio*—Florestan's aria (Anders. *G.DB11543). Peter Anders achieves almost, but not quite, the pathos of Patzak in the slow part of this wonderful aria; but in the cabaletta he cannot at all equal the glorious ease and enthusiasm of Roswaenge. Nevertheless, this is a most enjoyable record. Also recommended: SCHUBERT: *Die Stadt; Das Fischermadchen* (Fischer-Dieskau. *G.DA2045); TRAD. ARR. NIN: *El vito; Paño murciano* (De los Angeles. **G.DA2046); STRAUSS: *Arabella*—"Aber der richtige," act 1 (Della Casa/Gueden); "Das war sehr gut, Mandryka," act 3 (Della Casa/Poell/Vienna Phil./Moralt. *§D.LW5029).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,231

Set by Buzfuz

A four-page verse pamphlet is being issued for the guidance of Post Office clerks engaged in correspondence with the public:

> Don't say just No, but say why not;
> This helps refusal quite a lot.
> Read what you've written, read it through
> As if it were addressed to you. . . . etc.

Competitors are invited to compose not more than 20 lines from a similar pamphlet for the use of progressive schoolmasters, gossip columnists, bus-conductors, sergeant-majors, customs officials, competition setters, French premiers, or Gallup pollsters. Entries by October 6.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,228

Set by Peter Pastmaster

> It is announced that midnight work has been abolished in the Kremlin and a regular "nine to six" working day instituted instead. The usual prizes are offered for a soliloquy by a Moscow bureaucrat, modelled on any one of the great Russian masters.

Report by Peter Pastmaster

This small but highly competent entry of potential Constance Garnetts almost required a photo-finish. Most of the great names were laid under contribution (though I was surprised that no-one attempted Pushkin, even in Edmund Wilson's prose version), and none of the usual props were missing. The *aie! aie!* of Muscovite despair could be heard echoing down a hundred bureaucratic corridors. The samovar was rarely off the boil.

I liked R. B. Browning's city mortuarist, also L. Marshall Scott's excerpt from Count Tolstoi's short story, "Labour, Death and Disease." Elaine Morgan's Oblomov began admirably but went aground on his propaganda. L. G. Udall perversely chose to put the situation into a witty but wholly English context.

After much thought, I decided to award the first prize of two guineas to Graeme Wilson and divide the remainder among the others printed below.

LERMONTOV

I don't suppose—the way things were and are—
That I shall last much longer. Without rancour
I wait my summons to the Lubianka:
Closed ranks, closed hearts, yes, even a closed car
Which, since the Lubianka isn't far,
Points a wry moral. Bolsheviks don't hanker
To ride about like any Wall Street banker,
Yet roll to death more richly than the Czar.

I may be wrong: I may be: but I doubt it.
This bourgeois emphasis on office hours
Has something morbid and malign about it.
The night was Stalin's and its work was ours—
I would not, if I could, live on without it.
The Revolution's dead. We need no flowers.

GRAEME WILSON

TOLSTOI

From *Anna Kremlinina*

(Book 23, Part 14, Chapter 71)

Looking at himself in a mirror, Ledin stroked his beard, and his eyes glistened benignly with a newly-

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discovered realisation of the goodness and purpose of life.

"Yes," he said softly, "the masses are right. They are already toiling before the snipe are astir. Even the cows on the *kolkhozes* yield purer milk, free from the poisonous bacilli of decadent western pastures, because they rise at dawn. Yes, that is our goal—the Brotherhood of the Udder. The moment I take up my pen at nine o'clock I shall whisper. 'Flow on, little fountain of ink! You are an image of my new resolution. Black though you be as the bourgeois midnight, you stand for the dignity of labour, the natural morning stream of life newly awakened, the noble excellence of an early rise'."

J. R. TILL

CHEKHOV

A clock chimes the quarters; six strokes punctuate the beginning of Ivan Ivanovitch's soliloquy.

IVAN: My Aunt Petrushka used to love the twilight. (*Bong*) I wonder what happened to that umbrella? (*Bong*) She always wanted to come to Moscow. (*Bong*) Ah, well! (*Bong*) Mishka Mishkayavitch looks well. (*Bong*) I ought to have another look before . . . (*Bong*) . . . six o'clock! She has covered her typewriter. I suppose I should have offered to help, but these young people . . . No, it isn't under the desk. I didn't think it would be. Aunt Petrushka would even walk out in the rain to enjoy the twilight, without an umbrella! Mishka Mishkayavitch looks very well in her greatcoat. The young people today don't carry umbrellas. . . It seems to have gone. Oh, Mishka Mishkayavitch! Ah! She has gone . . . I shall never be able to wake up in time! It is still raining very heavily . . .

As he walks out an umbrella falls to the floor near the desk.

ERIC SWAINSON

TURGENEV

"Your tea, Yevgeny Vassilyev." The waitress moved silently to the double doors of the office, but Comrade Bazarov, instead of bidding her good-night, sat staring moodily at the *Vozhd*'s order while a clock struck ten.

"Pish, well, I'm dashed," he exclaimed to himself, "to think that the wheel should have come full circle! In 1861 where were the new ideas coming from; the old Kirsanovs, with their Pushkin, their French tags and their sentimentalism—or the Nihilists? What accord has there ever been, can there ever be, between *tlast* and moderation? Nine till six—what, I wonder, will the next reform be? Parliamentarism, legalized Opposition, trial by jury, watch committees to control the NKVD . . . It's an awfully bad job." He was beginning to feel vicious, and his face assumed a peculiar coarse coppery hue. "The fact is, we'll soon be drinking our tea from china cups, with milk."

J. P. STEVENSON

CHESS: Too Good to be True

No. 208.

I think it was Tartakover who said that the blunders are all there, just waiting to be made. What a pity then if a particularly juicy blunder fails to be made. That, at all events, was what Leonard Barden felt when he sent me this position, inspired (as he says) by my recent piece on *Corriger la Fortune*. It is, of course, rather a case of the "Might Have Been." The position occurred in the game Boleslavsky-Bisguier, Helsinki, 1952. How obvious it would have been for White to play Q x P, so as to counter R-KKt1 by R-Q8! And how shattering would have been Black's Q-Kt8 ch! I agree that this was a blunder almost too good to be overlooked, and though I should have preferred one of Barden's own blunders (or brilliancies) he has well deserved one of our "Readers' Own" chessbook tokens. Speaking of blunders, here is a game sent in by A. Collingridge; it was played by some eager members of the Forces Chess Club he formed while serving overseas, and it may be a useful object lesson to some of our beginners.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(6) PxP	BxP ch
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(7) KxB	Kt-Kt5 ch
(3) Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(8) K-Kt3	QxKt
(4) B-B4	B-B4	(9) Kt-K4	Q-B5 ch
(5) Kt-Kt5	P-Q4	(10) K-R3	Kt-B7 mate

One of our problem-addicts, R. L. Mason, has been wondering how many variations one can possibly squeeze into a 2-mover. Not that it mattered, nor indeed that quantity could make up for quality; on the contrary, it must inevitably tend to "clutter up" the problem. Mason, of course, is as well aware of this as anybody; but seeking what may well be a record number of variations he composed (or concocted) this 2-mover which certainly meets his purpose. The key-move is not exactly elusive: it is Kt-B4; and then there are as many as 21 variations. Readers may amuse themselves by finding all or most of them; and perhaps one of our problemists can tell us if this is, indeed, a record.

A: R. Reti 1910

To revert to the subject of blunders I might as well devote the 4-pointer to the same theme—a famous position reached in a game Reti-Tartakover. The latter blithely played KtxKt thinking that after (1) R-K1, B-KB4, (2) P-KB3, B-K2 he would merely have to return the piece while completing his development. What he overlooked was that White could administer a truly smashing mate in 3. **B**—White to win—is the home-made piece to be expected in a "Readers' Own." It should provide 6 none too hard-earned points for the author's fellow-competitors. But **C**—also a win for White—is no bargain for 7 points even if I add the helpful hint that Black's defensive resources are quite remarkable and that, even so, and with practically all the board to choose from, the poor Black Bishop is made homeless.

B: Basil Corcos 1953

C: M. S. Liburkin 1930

Usual prizes. Entries by October 5th.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set September 5

A: 1. Q x P ch, K x Q. (2) B-KR6 ch, K-Kt1. (3) R-Kt6 ch, RP x R. (4) Kt-B6 mate.

B: 1. R-QR4, K-K2. (2) R-R7 ch, K-Q3. (3) R-R8, Q x R stalemate.

C: 1. Kt-Kt5, R-Q7 ch. (2) K-K3, R-K7 ch. (3) K-Q4, R x Kt. (4) R-B6! P x R stalemate.
if (4) . . . R-QR4. (5) R-KKt6, followed by R x P.

Many stumped by **C**: even so there was a score of correct solutions. The alternative mate in A (3) Kt-K7, (4) B x P rates full points. Prizes shared by E. W. Carmichael, J. Eccleson, C. R. Hathersley, T. J. Simmonds. The game Non-Londoners v. Londoners will be resumed in November. Competition entries while I am abroad must reach the office by Monday afternoon to be forwarded in time.

ASSIAC

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The Thirty-fifth Annual General Meeting was held on the 22nd September, 1953. The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted.

	Year Ended 31.3.53
Group Trading Profit	£11,453,461
Less: Depreciation, Interest paid, Interests of Outside Shareholders of Subsidiaries, etc.	£1,523,526
Group Net Profit—before Taxation	£9,929,935
Less: Taxation (including £1,546,936 Excess Profits Levy)	£6,746,550
Group Net Profit—after Taxation	£3,183,385
Appropriated as follows:	
Written off goodwill, etc.	£29,881 (cr)
Transfer to Reserves and increase in Profit and Loss Account balance	£2,429,651
Preference Dividends, net	£39,633
Ordinary Dividends, net	£732,982
	£3,183,385
Preference Stockholders	
Issued Capital	£2,250,000
Dividend covered by net earnings after tax	53 times
Capital covered by net assets	11.4 times
Ordinary Stockholders	
Issued Capital	£2,606,026
Rate of Dividend paid on present Capital	50% p.a.
Rate earned on present Capital	210%
Net Assets attributable to each 5s. Ordinary Stock Unit	18s. 4d.
Group Net Current Assets	£25,463,072

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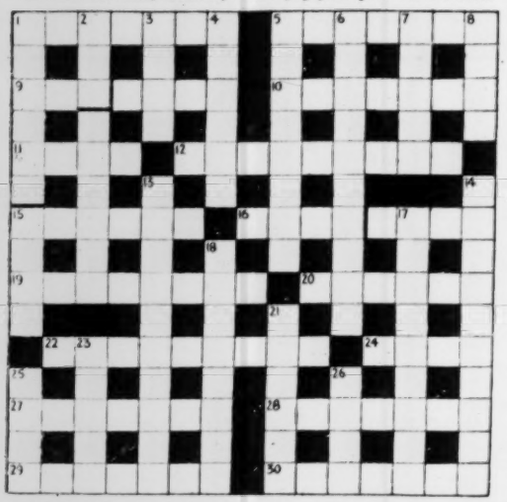

ACROSS

1. This place is the *sine qua non* of a minor canon (7).
5. This horse for a place! (7).
9. There may be no women in this crescent (3, 4).
10. The dumb are possibly discovering somewhere to talk (7).
11. It is authentic he was a murderer (4).
12. Snap lines may have simplicity (9).
15. The girl in the couch is censored (6).
16. Try out the railway with the chemist's apparatus (4, 4).
19. Instruments needed to put together an autocar in a smash (8).
20. The Communist these days looks back in amazement (6).
22. Performed about six finales; they must be split up (9).
24. Song of a beheaded black girl (4).
27. Clot like a plot (7).
28. Another name for Don and Mary (7).
29. These might help one to look sharp (7).
30. How to discipline someone like Charles X (7).

DOWN

1. This tiny volume is a record (6, 4).
2. Gold in the South Seas, freshly minted (3, 6).
3. The cover is changed for nothing (4).
4. They are short and simple, except for the rich (6).
5. Islands for a man with more than one wife (8).
6. Putting on a crown of gold in company with the people (10).
7. Some of them can be declined (5).
8. Produce a kid (4).
13. The flower for a fairy with a broken link between west and east (10).
14. Rowdiest part of the zoo? (10).
17. To cure and mix paint (9).
18. Displays boy workers (8).
21. Without an uncultivated tongue the traveller would be nothing (6).
23. Condition partly responsible for panic in giant aircraft (5).
25. It helps to put one's shirt on a number of horses (4).
26. It may be Mary or another girl (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 65

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PORTABLE typewriter offered free to deserving writer or researcher. Claim with reasons to Box 1820.

STATISTICS: Tuition by experienced Hons. graduate. North London. Box 1816.

"TOPOLSKI'S Chronicle" on Conferences? Get it at Foyles' traditional print shop window.

WANTED, studio flat; will consider anything reas., impeccable refs. Box 2031.

"ACADEMY House," where University and Professional people, far from home, may live in a friendly atmosphere. There are opportunities for studying English, French and Russian, for enjoyment of musical evenings and discussions. Please contact the Secretary, "Academy House," 24 Kensington Park Gardens, London, W.11. Tel. PARK 7479.

AU pair, Surrey, wanted domesticated girl, fond of children, to help in house, cooking, etc. Own bedsitting-room, generous free time incl. most weekends. Box 2072.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

DOES anyone wish to travel to Italy by car mid-October? Box 2050.

CAN we dance colours? Experimental course, Oct. 9-11, Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

"AU Pair." We arrange 3-12 months' stay France, French Morocco, Switzerland, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, for educated young girls willing help with children. Easy housework, pocket money. Send S.A.E. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

LADY (26) Teaching Diploma, musical, wishes learn/assist organisation educ. programs children/adults. B.B.C. Box 1948.

BACKWARD Child. Classes & treatment in Marylebone for handicapped children of all ages. Particulars: Dr. Mona Rolfe, Ph.D., 127 Holland Park, W.11. Park 8300.

MEN with cultural interests and Zionist sympathies are invited to join The London Jewish Society. Box 1859.

EXPD. French teacher gives grammar/conversation lessons. London area. Box 1686.

YOUNG graduate, possessing great gift with boys, offers his services as tutor/companion evenings/week-ends. Moderate fees. Box 1815.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 18.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Particulars from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

HANDWRITING expertly analysed for Character, Aptitudes, Abilities, etc., by graphologist 30 yrs.' standing. Dtls. Box 2089.

PERSONAL—continued

THE authentic background to the current "New Statesman" correspondence about a National Theatre is contained in "The Making of a National Theatre," by the late Geoffrey Whitworth, C.B.E. It contains all the material necessary for an informed judgement. Faber & Faber. 25s.

VIOLIN tuition by Joseph Segal (Flesch-Busch Method). 3 Wycombe Gdns. N.W.11.

GERMAN & French taught by cert. Language mistress. 'Phone: BAY. 5916.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 2118.

IF you live on the 59 or 159 bus route or North of the Marylebone Road, you will probably find it as convenient to come to 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8, to be photographed by Anthony Panting. I still take children, or grown-ups, at home, and my new telephone number is MAL. 3200. Finders take messages.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

VIENNESE lady wishes to exchange German conversation for English or French. Box 2091.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

NEVER buy a picture without first seeing our lists. Box 1841.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

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WELL-KNOWN composer has a few vacancies for private lessons in all aspects of musical theory composition, orchestration, appreciation etc. Apply Christian Darnton, VICtoria 6971. Fees by arrangement.

FRENCH taught conversationally by thoroughly experienced Parisian. Henri Bernot. 7 Gwynn House, Lower Sloane Street, S.W.1. (SLO. 3851.)

GUITAR lessons. Technique, Theory, Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

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YOUR "Self" can make saleable MSS. No Sales-No Fees tuition. Free N2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

IN Cases of Fatigue and physical debility try Nerve Manipulation. A reinvigorating treatment, stimulating and invigorating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck Street, London, W.1. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

PLAY the Guitar at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Jolly beginners' group with Anna Garfield-Howe and her guitars, Oct. 2-4.

ENGLISH. Tuition by prof. writer. Expert, original, individual. PAR. 6309.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessons, classes. Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

PERSONAL—continued

WINTER Holidays: our 1953/54 Winter booklet with new ideas for Winter Sports, Southern Sunshine Holidays, Christmas and Week-end Parties and Social Events, is available now. Free copy on request. Stratford week-end parties, Oct. 2 and 16. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

HAVE you asked yet for your copy of Ramblers' Winter Sports programme? If not do so now. It tells you of ski-ing plans, both for parties and for people who want to go independently, in Norway and Yugoslavia and in all the good ski-ing countries in between. Cost is from £24 7s. 6d. for a fortnight. Ramblers' Association Services, 48(AS) Park Road, N.W.1.

LAST Minute Continental Holidays. Not mass-produced but individually arranged. From £16 ten days, Paris and all Countries. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Room 111, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Whitehall 4114 5.

GRAPE Harvest in Italy: Rome, Sorrento, Amalfi, Capri. October 3, 16 days £60 7s. 6d. (2nd tail continent). Escorted. Christmas in Rome. Eleven day Air Tour with 5 days in the Eternal City and 5 in Capri and Naples (excursion to Pompeii). Completely inclusive. 79 guineas. Escorted. All-ways Travel Service, 17, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1. Chs 6436 7.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 25 Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.7. WES. 3945.

APPOINTMENTS for practising speeches, lectures, acting with tape recorder. Write C. Seven, 4 Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

P.S. Out by rail—back by air! Students' ski party leaves for Obergurgl December 5th, returning 20th. 6,500 feet—bags of snow. Hgms. including ski and instruction. Also parties to Bretave and Obergurgl leaving December 19th for Christmas and the New Year. Apply to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow. Harrow 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Linguist," the Language paper for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in five languages, Pages for Practice, "Translator's Commentary," Competitions and articles. 1s. monthly from newsagents, or 13s. yearly, including postage to any country, from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity."—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers' Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 9827.

"INTIMACY," by Jean Paul Sartre "leaves Lady Chatterley's Lover asleep at the post"—Punch. 12s 6d. post free from Interest Books, 145 Evering Rd., N.16. Lists 6d.

NIMRODS, The Only Book Hunters solely engaged in tracing Out-of-Print & Scarce Books. Send your "wants" list to Nimrods, 8 Quick Street, London, N.1.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

SEPTEMBER Penguins out To-day—Virginia Woolf—Between the Acts. Rex Warner—Greeks and Trojans; The Spectator Crossword Puzzle Book; James Norman—The Night Walkers; Erle Stanley Gardner—The Case of the Stuttering Bishop (2s. each); Men of Mathematics—E. T. Bell (2 vols., each 2s. 6d.), Gerard Manley Hopkins—Poems and Prose—Selected by W. H. Gardner (2s. 6d.); Stendhal: Scarlet and Black—Trans. by M. R. B. Shaw (3s. 6d.); Animals in Staffordshire Pottery—B. Rackham & P. Jeremy (5s.); Puffin Books—A Map of Spain—Richard Parker (2s.); How Planes Fly—Sydney E. Veale & "Wren" (2s. 6d.). For full list of books please write Penguin Books Ltd., Dept. NS, Harmondsworth, Middx. American readers write Penguin Books Inc., 3300 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore, Maryland.

"BIRTH Control To-day," by Dr. Marie Stopes. 4s. 108 Whitfield St., W.1.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL. 3030.

BOOKS of every kind bought. Social-economic literature specially. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

A CENTRAL Meeting Place: rendezvous for players and playgoers; regular seasons of plays and late-night intimate revues; licensed till midnight; lounge; food counter. Mem. details: Irving Theatre Club, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. WHI. 8557, 3678.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

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TREVARNON, Cornwall. Modern cottage, superb site, unspoilt bay, 4 bed., elec., profitable letting. £3,500. Box 2035.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

SUDAN Government. Vacancies exist in the Research Division of the Ministry of Agriculture for the following posts:—1 Soil Chemist; 2 Plant Breeders; 1 Agronomist; 1 Statistician; 3 Civil Engineers (soil conservation section); 2 Agricultural Engineers (engineering division). Applicants should have appropriate Honours degrees or their equivalents. Age limits 22-45. Appointment will be on Short Term Contract (with bonus) for an indefinite period, determinable at any time by six months notice on either side, providing that on or after April 1, 1955 the period of notice shall be three months and not six. Salary scale is £E1,075 to £E1,675. Starting rate of pay is fixed according to age, qualifications and experience of selected candidates. A variable cost of living allowance is payable. An outfit allowance of £E50 is payable when the contract is signed. Free passage on appointment. Further details and application form will be sent on receipt of a postcard only addressed to the Sudan Agent in London, Sudan House, Cleveland Row, St. James's, London, S.W.1, quoting the post applied for and name and address in block letters.

B.B.C. requires News Editor, West Region at Bristol, with direct responsibility to Head of Programmes for organisation and direction of news service in Region. This entails taking charge of daily Regional News Bulletins and associated news talks and commentaries, topical and sports magazines and special programmes, responsibility for Region's news and topical contributions to B.B.C.'s central services, including Television, allocation of duties to Region's topicality staff and responsibility for appointment of local correspondents. High standard of education, background knowledge (including knowledge of the territory) and of professional achievement will be expected. A broad conception of techniques of radio and how these can be applied imaginatively to work of the Department and exceptional qualification in establishing and maintaining friendly and efficient relations with staff and many outside contacts are essential. Newspaper experience a strong recommendation. Salary £1,000 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to maximum £1,330 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, W.1, marked "119 N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed env.

B.B.C. requires Religious Broadcasting Organiser, Midland Region, in Birmingham. Applicants should be priests of the Church of England with good academic qualifications, preferably aged between 30 and 40. Duties include planning, organisation and production of services, talks and other religious programmes originating in all parts of the Midlands. Experience of parochial work, knowledge of Midlands and willingness and ability to work with ministers and members of other churches are required. Experience outside the regular pastoral ministry and interest in modern methods of communicating the Christian faith would be advantageous and some knowledge of church music would be useful. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £1,065 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "114, N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed env.

COMMISSIONS in the Women's Royal Air Force. Applications are invited from women over 18½ and under 37 to train as officers in the W.R.A.F. Initial appointments are for short service commissions generally five years. Pay begins at £242 p.a. and can rise to £1,163 for those selected for long service commissions. Free accommodation and rations or allowance in lieu. All candidates must pass a selection and a medical board. There are two methods of entry. For a commission, granted after technical and officer training, in the Secretarial, Equipment or Fighter Control branches, candidates must be educated to G.C.E. (ordinary level), or Scottish Leaving Certificate standard. For direct commissions in the Technical, Education, Catering, Equipment or Secretarial branches, applicants should possess a university degree or the Intermediate Certificate of appropriate professional examinations, but those with sufficient practical experience will also be considered. Full details from Air Ministry, A.R.1 (D.22), Adastral House, London, W.C.2.

MANAGER or manageress wanted to take full responsibility for domestic side of Otterburn Hall, a holiday and conference estate, accommodation 120. Preferably to start mid-October. Some experience of hotel management and staff control essential. Cottage available if required. Please send full details when applying. Apply Secretary, Otterburn Hall, Otterburn, Northumberland.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for the post of Research Secretary in the School of Social Studies. Duties include responsibility for the collection of certain published material, as well as typing, clerical work and some simple computing. A qualification in social science would be an advantage, but is not essential. Salary up to £360 p.a., according to experience and qualifications. Applics. to Bursar, The University, Sheffield 10, as soon as possible, from whom further particulars can be obtained if reqd.

NATIONAL Children's Home, Rvalls Court, Seaton, Devon (Approved School for 42 girls aged 10 to 16 years). Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Headmistress. The person appointed must be willing to undertake Housemistress duties and be able to drive car or be willing to learn before taking up her appointment. Experience in the supervision of domestic staff is desirable. Salary in accordance with Home Office Scale. Forms of application may be obtained from the General Secretary, National Children's Home & Orphanage, Highbury Park, London, N.5.

THE Council of Social Service for Stoke-on-Trent and North Staffordshire invites applications for the post of Organiser of welfare work for the physically handicapped. Applicants should possess suitable social service experience and/or qualifications. Salary in the range £300-£400. Application forms and full details from: The Secretary, 36, Cheapside, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

THE North Kensington Women's Welfare Centre has vacancies for 2 married women for the development of medico social work: (a) Junior Secretary. Must be competent Shorthand/Typist, conversant with office routine. No Saturday work but one evening a week. Initial salary £300 per annum. (b) Clinic Worker. To undertake interviews and reception work at sessions and some clerical work with patients' records. No Saturday work; up to 2 evenings a week. Salary £300-£360. Applications, together with qualifications and experience, to The Secretary, 12 Telford Road, W.10.

CHAPPIE, Limited, of Melton Mowbray, Animal Food Manufacturers, require the services of a woman graduate, preferably in Sociology, Economics and Statistics, to undertake field and office control of a National Retailer Panel. A sound basic knowledge of statistics is essential. The work entails maintaining a panel at full strength, checking field work, organising office routine and the appreciation of findings in collaboration with the staff Statistician. Salary not less than £540 per annum, plus bonus and a non-contributory pension scheme. Application forms and further details may be obtained from: The Personnel Officer, Chappie Limited, Melton Mowbray, Leics.

GRADUATE master and matron (both single) required for co-educational school. West Country. Box 1836.

CHILDREN'S Homes. Assistant House Mothers, resident, wanted for interesting work with boys and girls aged 3-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £25 a month less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, Essex.

UNIVERSITY Settlement requires Assistant Cook-Housekeeper, resident. Apply to the Bursar, Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial St., London, E.1.

SECRETARY (male) required for large Jewish Youth Club in North-East London. Must be prepared to work in evenings. Ability to type and keep accounts essential. Salary approximately £450 p.a. Applications giving full details of age, exper., etc., to Box 2126.

HAMPSTEAD Old People's Housing Trust reqs. Secretary. Hours short but must be regular. Experience in office administration essential & previous experience in social work desirable. Apply in writing with recent testimonials to Mrs. D. M. Page, Hon. Sec., 127, Fellows Rd., N.W.3.

IRAQ Section, exporters S.W.1. district, req. junior with office experience, knowledge German and aptitude technical subjects. Possibility development and work abroad. State experience and salary reqd. Box 2148.

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STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting: duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

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THE Continental, (recommended by Labour Pty.) St. Leonards-on-Sea, Hastings 4571.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d. from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

GREEK Rest, White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th edn., green cloth, decent condition, £9; Ultra Violet Ray Lamp, original Hanau, as new, offer near £20. Spanish conversation course, Linguaphone records, books excellent condition—£7 10s.; Czech Linguaphone—best offer, or would exchange for German.

WANTED: Handbook Marxism, Trotsky's History, French Linguaphone; Baby Grand, maximum 5ft.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.30. Sundays, members only, 7.45. Theatre Workshop in "Uncle Vanya."

ARTS TEM 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.); St. Sun. 5 & 8, Maugham's comedy "Penelope." "A real winner." News Chronicle. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a. Admission 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391.) "The Rosenbergs." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a. Admission 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d.

IRVING, Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.); 10.30, Sun., 9.30. "Sing for Your Supper," a topical Revue produced by Bryan Blackburn. Lic. till midnt. Mems. 5s.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until Sept. 27: Edwige Feuillere in "Olivia" (X). From Sept. 28: Becker's "Edward & Caroline" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Sept. 27, 7.30, "Passionelle" (X) (French).

"CHILDHOOD of Maxim Gorki" is 1st October Show, 7.30 of Hammersmith Film Society. New Season's ten shows include "Les Enfants du Paradis," Molti Sogni," "Stagecoach," "The General." Subscription 15s. Guest Tickets 2s. 6d. (advance only). Apply Town Hall, W.6. (RIV. 6011.)

SCALA Theatre. Soviet films, "Moussorgsky," "Nature Reserve," "Miraculous Bell." Mon., Sept. 28, 7.30. Tkts. 2s., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., from Ed. Cttee., B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1, or Scala Box Office, Charlotte St., W.1.

CELEBRATION Chinese People's Republic Again! At the Scala Theatre, October 2, 7.30, that famous Chinese film "White Haired Girl." Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. from Education Committee, Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Grays Inn Road, W.C.1. TER. 2522.

PECKHAM Film Society. Oct. 1. 7.30. Co-op. Hall, Rye Lane. "Council of the Gods." Details: J. Best, 14 Comport Green, N. Addington, Surrey.

LEWISHAM Film Society. Lee 7803 Unitarian Church, next Central Library. Sat., Sept. 26, 7.15. "Childhood of Maxim Gorky."

ILFORD New Era Film Soc. (VAL. 8405). "Earth" (U.S.S.R.); full supporting prog. Sun., Sept. 27, 7.30, Ilford Town Hall.

COULSDON and Purley Film Society. Particulars from Secretary, 1 Spencer Rd., South Croydon.

"THE Condemned Village." Humorous —Dramatic—New German film, and Mr. J. Elton: "Germany To-day," Hampstead Town Hall, Wed., Sept. 30, 8. 1s. 6d. Org. by Hampstead Peace Council.

DANCE, African Music Soc. Sept. 26, W.A.S.U., 13 Chelsea Embankment. 7.30-11.30. High Life with "The Quavers." 2s. 6d.

AFRO-West Indian Socy., 245 Harrow Rd., W.2. Sat., 26th, 7-11.30, Grand Ball. Sunday 27th, 7 p.m. lect. Counc. M. Huston, "The Racial Problems of South Africa."

AUTUMN Party, Sat., Sept. 26., 2.30-7. Films, puppets, conjurer, ventriloquist, side-shows. Tkts. 2s. 6d., children 1s. 17 Broadlands Road, N.6. B.S.F.S.

CONCERTS

SERIES of Chamber Concerts. Queen Mary Hall Music Club presents on Wed., Sept. 30, 7.30, Aeolian String Quartet. Quartets by Mozart, Schubert, Bliss. Reserved seats 4s., 2s. 6d., and Progs. from Box Off., Y.W.C.A., Central Club, Great Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7512.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. Drawings by Constantin Guys, Pissarro, Pascin. 10-5.30 p.m. Sats. 10-1 p.m.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Adrian Heath; new drawings by Donald Friend; Mediterranean watercolours by Thallia Gage; and Original aquatints by Jaques Vilion. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes Oct. 3.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

HANOVER GALLERY, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings by Gertrude Schweitzer. Sculpture by Fiore de Henriquez. Till Oct. 3.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Drawings by Blond. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Sun 2-5. Until October 17.

IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leicester Square. Oil Paintings by Margaret Wilson and Jennifer Rope. Until September 30.

"ENTERTAINING at Home" in Patty Wood House. House & Garden keeps open house at its Decoration Centre, 16 Grafton Street, W.1. Rooms arranged as settings for entertaining, with furnishings and equipment you can buy in the shops. Open from Sept. 1: weekdays 10-5, Sats. 10-12. Free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

TATE Gallery. Paintings by Matthew Smith. A Retrospective Exhibition. Open until October 18. Week-days, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Suns., 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Free.

RENOIR. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open until Oct. 25. Monday to Saturday 10-6. Sunday 2-6. Admission 1s.

ICA Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Parallel of Life and Art Indications of a new visual order. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays. Until October 17.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Oils by Hugh Mackinnon. Sculpture by Ampon.

SIXTEEN "One Man Shows" September 30-October 3, 10-5 except Sundays, R.B.A. Gallery, Suffolk St., S.W.1 (Off Haymarket). Admission 1s.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Abstract Art of Early Cultures. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10 to 7 including Sundays.

OTWAY McCannell. 30 paintings, etc., at Group Exhibition, Suffolk St. Galleries.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield Street, Charing X Road, W.C.2. Paintings by Jacqueline Mills. Sept. 15 to October 5. 11-7 including Saturdays.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Redouté Roses & New Picasso Lithographs, 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Sickert. Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture by Hulme Korn.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. John Martin 1789-1854 Paintings and Drawings. Daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6. Closed Mondays.

MODERN Swiss Prints and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Until Oct. 17. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Adm. free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Josef Herman.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ARE You Coming to Hear Lord Derby, Miss Margaret Rawlings, Canon C. B. Mortlock, Mr. Walter Elliot, Mr. Gillie Potter and Mr. Maurice Winnick? They will all be at the Central Hall, Westminster, at 7.30 p.m., on Monday, September 28, discussing competitive television. Admission is free. Popular Television Association, 78, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Telephone ABBey 4437.

A FOLKLORIST in Portugal."—Fifth Rodney Gallop Memorial Lecture. Speaker: Mrs. Rodney Gallop. Singer: Eve Maxwell Lyte. In the Chair: Marcus Cheke, C.V.O. Friday, October 2, 7.30 p.m., at The English Folk Dance & Song Society, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Road, N.W.1. (Buses 74, 3, 53; Camden Town Tube Station.) Admission Free. Programme of other Lectures and Recitals available from Cecil Sharp House.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. On Sunday, Sept. 27, at 8.15. Discussion. Words and Music in Drama. George Devine and Roberto Gerhard. In collaboration with the Pegasus Theatre Society. Members 2s. Guests 3s.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. On Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8.15. Illustrated Lecture by Professor Wittower on Sculpture and the Spectator. Members 2s. Guests 3s.

AFTER Margate. "Tribune" Mass Meeting. Seymour Hall, London, W.1. Monday, October 5 at 7.30 p.m. Chairman: J. P. W. Mallalieu. Speakers: Barbara Castle, Dick Crossman, Tom Driberg, Ian Mikardo, Harold Wilson. Tickets 1s., gallery 6d., from "Tribune," 222 Strand, London, W.C.2.

"CHEKHOV and His Work." David Magarshack, author, Tues., Sept. 29, 8.55 Aberdare Gdns., N.W.6. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Friday, Oct. 2, 7.15 p.m. A. Espantoso, "Spain as an Ally."

ELA Reid (London Corr., Hindustan Times). "My Visit to Soviet Central Asia, Aug., 1953. Thurs., Oct. 1, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students & S.C.R. 1s.). S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Caxton Hall (nr. St. James's) on Thursday, Oct. 1 at 7.30: "How Did the Universe Arise?" All welc.

"WORLD Understanding & World Organisation" Conference at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Oct 16-23; includes "Bert Taylor Memorial Meeting."

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.15 p.m., Sunday, September 27, at Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. Near Victoria Station. Discourse, Rose Edwards: "Without Nationality."

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Sun., 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. October 3 at 6 p.m. M. Paul Guimezanes (Alliance Française): "La gravure et sa technique: de ses origines à nos jours" avec projections.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"OPPORTUNITIES for Voluntary Work To-day." Dr. Gertrude Willoughby, Lecturer in Social Science, L.S.E., Chairman The Dowager Marchioness of Reading, Alliance Hall, Westminster, 7 p.m. October 2. Refreshments from 6.30 p.m. Also Autumn Course on Voluntary Work: Lectures by specialists on work in education, hospital and prison services; for the aged; in clubs, etc. For particulars apply to the Sec., Fawcett Society, 50 Tufton St., S.W.1.

CO-OPERATION Overseas—Miss Margaret Digby, O.B.E., Horace Plunkett Foundation, "Co-operation in Israel." Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1, September 29, 7.30 p.m. Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. "Talking of Music." Those taking part will be: Felix Aprahamian, Sunday Times Record Critic; Francis Shagrin, composer and conductor; Noel Mewton-Wood, pianist, and Walter Goehr, conductor Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport St., W.C.2. Mon., Sept. 28, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

WHY not enter Politics? Join Hampstead Parliament, Britain's liveliest debating society. Sittings every Wednesday, 8.15. Hampstead Town Hall (opposite Belsize Park Tube Station). Beginning October 7. Details write Secretary, 29 Platts Lane, N.W.3.

ANNIVERSARY of the Chinese People's Republic—Conway Hall, Sept. 30, 7.30. Celebration meeting. "The Winnowing Fan." Chinese songs by London Youth Choir. Marie Pritt, J. B. Figgins. Admission 1s. From Brit. China Friendship Assoc., 228 Grays Inn Road, W.C.1. TER. 2522.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Friday, Sep. 25, 7.15 p.m. Miss W. A. Elkin, "Penal Reform."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Sep 27. Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "The Spur of Fame." Questions after lecture. Adm. free. Chamber Music Concerts recommence October 4.

MILES Malleson. My Visit to Moscow & Leningrad. Aug., 1953. Chair: Gordon Sandison. Wed., Sept. 30, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students & S.C.R. 1s.). S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

FERNAU Hall on "Indian Dancing, Ancient and Modern." Friday, Oct. 2, at 8.15 p.m. All welcome. No collection. London Branch Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SOCIETY for Sex Education & Guidance. "Sex and Society," Dr. Eustace Chesser. Wednesday, September 30, 7 p.m., Conway Hall. Admission free.

RACIAL Unity. Mon., Sept. 28, 7 p.m., at 32 Tavistock Sq. Mrs. Little opens discussion on "The Fight against Racialism in Britain." All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society. First public demonstration of Cha-no-yu, The Japanese Tea Ceremony, Wed., Sept. 30, at 7.30 p.m., Bedford College, Regent's Park, N.W.1, by Mrs. Orr-Ewing. Chairman: Mr. Christmas Humphreys, who will give introductory talk.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

GOLDSMITH'S College, New Cross, S.E.14. TIDeway 2266. Evening classes begin Sept. 28. University Diplomas, Psychology, Philosophy, Archaeology, Physical Science, Principles of Mathematics, Heraldry, English for Foreigners, Languages, Music. 180 courses. Prospectus from Warden.

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. New session opens Sept. 28. Evening lectures and classes for men and women. Politics, Economics, History, Current Affairs, English Language and Literature, Philosophy, Psychology, Science, Music, Theatre School, Art, Languages, Physical Training, Fencing, Ballet & Folk Dancing, Chess. Fees from 12s. 6d. a year. Details from Sec. (WAT 6872).

"THE Art of the Playwright," a course of lectures by Stephen Joseph commencing Oct. 6. Details 52 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7.

DUTTON Secretarial School. Three months' part-time course (afternoons) in Shorthand & Typewriting starts Sept. 28. Evening Classes. Also Postal Courses. Syllabus: 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y. Post Office, 1926. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.